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WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY E. NORMAN GUNNISON.

O nation strong, O nation great!
Secure from wrong, secure from hate,
To-day thy countless banners rise
And spread their stripes along the skies—
The crimson stripes, whose glowing bars
Across the world from sea to sea,
Upon the flag of clustered stars,
Seamed with a nation's battle-scars,
Float forth, this year of jubilee.

A hundred years! Thy birthday comes,
Unsullied by tears. The rolling drums
Which mark the coming, only beat
Before the march of peaceful feet.
Sweep out, O flag, upon the breeze!
Shout! 'Tis our birthday; Freedom, shout!
O happy Isles! O happy seas!
Drink of the cup unto the lees!
Fling out, the flag of stars, fling out!

O blessed land! God's seal of peace
Is by His hand placed on thee now;
His blessings, which shall still increase,
Encircle as a crown thy brow.
With cannon's roar, with trumpet's blare,
This glorious day we welcome here;
And echoing ring freely on the air,
The nation bends in grateful prayer,
To hail to-day its hundredth year.

When in the past the banner bright
On war's red blast swept forth in light,
And battle's roar and musket's rage
Rang out with clang of clashing steel,
The sturdy sires of freedom's sons,
That saw thy stars above them fly,
In the dark thunder of the guns,
Thought of the men—the other sons—
Who wrote the glories of July:

Who wrote and signed the deathless page,
And there aligned through every age,
As freedom's sentinels, they stand
To guard the birthright of the land.
Illustrious day! thy hours are bright
With gleamings of the coming morn,
When every land shall lie in light,
And 'neath the earth's transfigured sight
The world shall welcome Freedom's dawn.

The years millennial welcome give,
As the Centennial year we live
Is welcomed by our hearts to-day,
Bright with the future's dawning ray.
Knowing the *Truth* which makes men free,
Each stripe shall change into a star
To light the lands beyond the sea,
Until earth's wrongs and hatreds flee
Before the wheels of Freedom's car.

The years undying wait thy feet,
And underlying Freedom's beat
The clank of every broken chain
Shall echo to thy glad refrain.
Hurrah! the triumph hour is near,
And sounding down the future's sky
The clarion notes ring loud and clear
Which, through each new and coming year,
Shall hail the glories of July.

EVELYN DE VERE;

OR,

THE TWO CITIES.

A LIFE DRAMA PLAYED ON THE WORLD'S STAGE.

BY HENRY CHARLTON EMMET,
AUTHOR OF "THE TRUE AND THE FALSE, OR WHEN THE SHIP COMES HOME."

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CHAPTER XIX.
SENTENCED TO DEATH.

A few months have passed, and how strangely the characters in this little life-drama have changed their places on the world's stage! Only a few months since Evelyn's last hope fled, and she turned heartsick from the gaudy glare of paint and glitter of tinsel, with their false lights falling full upon Gabrielle and Camden, and the whole tenor of her life is changed. Her fingers bear no signs of having plied the tireless needle, her face is neither wan nor thin, and her appearance is not threadbare. She has acquired a self-possession which has elevated her proud spirit, given tone to her independence in a self-reliance hitherto dormant, and which nothing but that sternest of all rulers, Necessity, could have brought forth.

One October evening, the fifth of the few months which had passed, she sat in madame's dim, old-fashioned sitting-room, with its antiquated furniture and dingy relics of many bygone days. Her head was bent over a few folds of legibly-written manuscript, which she studied with an intensity that showed a deeply-rooted purpose. At brief intervals she rose from her chair, and, without paying the slightest heed to madame, who was present, walked the room in deep meditation, while her lips moved as she almost audibly recited passages from the MS. in her hand.

She was learning a part from one of the pretty, sympathetic society plays by Robinson.

"Would you like to recite it, my dear, to me?" ventured madame. "I will give you your cues."

"Thank you, madame, I will."

"We shall have Mr. Percival here soon."

"I know it. The only fault with him is that he is too lenient with me."

"Not a bit; he never lets a fault escape his notice, nor omits to tell you; but you are an exceedingly promising pupil, one that he has seldom met with except Miss Vane, and he tells me he thinks that you will shine even brighter than she has."

Evelyn's face flushed.

"I am glad he did not tell me so."

"Why, my child?"

"Because I should have doubted him, and thought that he wished to give me hope by flattery. I am ready."

Then in her own sweet voice, intensified by practice and studied elocution, Evelyn went through her part, acting it while she spoke, for this acting came unconsciously, as her soul was in it.

When she slipped a word madame would tell her of it, and she would go over the whole sentence again, until the following one. She rarely had only three times, and then tiffingly. Madame was highly eulogistic in her praises, and Eva sat down with a proud flush on her face.

"Now, when you have rested, Eva, I should like you to see if you have really got Pauline by heart. Percival is sure to try you with that, and will possibly want you in a day or two to appear at the rehearsals. Many actresses have broken down in 'The Lady of Lyons.'"

"If I thought it should, I would not undertake it. I may feel very desperate the first time I appear, even in an amateur performance, but that desperation shall carry me through."

"I am sure it will."

Evelyn had scarcely taken up the play of "The Lady of Lyons" when a loud knock at the door caused her to put it down again, and she waited in some nervous anxiety the entrance of the visitor.

He came—a tall, well-built, dark-complexioned man, whose face was clean-shaved, and his eyes, large, brilliant and expressive, seemed made only for the stage. He possessed a deep, elevated, though well-modulated voice, entirely under control, and manners combining both the gentleman and the actor.

"I thought I recognized your knock, Mr. Percival," said Evelyn, rising.

"I am a little late, Miss Desmond. The busy season is coming on. I shall soon have to be actor as well as manager. Happily for me, both duties are pleasures."

"And profit," laughed Evelyn, who had found this purveyor of competent theatricals a man of great honesty and integrity. There was something about him which invited confidence and friendship more than the mere fact of his age being fifty-two.

"Profit," he said, smiling down at the sweet-expressive face, "is the means by which we are kept going. Those who have not a private fortune must live by gain in justice to others who in part live upon us."

"I wonder you did not entirely give your time to the stage, Mr. Percival."

"So I should have; but when I started, having worked my way up from a utility man to take leading parts, I was young; and in no profession is there so much envy displayed towards one another as amongst theatricals. I had a clique working against me. I was worried and harassed at every step, and thwarted, until I grew sick of it, and determined to make this only a second source of procuring means to live on."

"But I *would* have fought my enemies."

"So would I," said Percival with a grave smile. "But I had a mother and a sister dependent on me—pride is one thing, and necessity another. Besides, I had too exclusively studied the legitimate drama, and was out of place in pieces where less experienced men succeeded. I discovered that I had—which I did not know until I tried—a natural gift for teaching others what I had overlooked myself."

"But you stand high in your profession."

"In my particular groove; but my particular groove is not a paying one, being too much of a specialty. When I am wanted I am engaged on very favorable terms. Besides," he added with a laugh, "I'm a little indolent, and a trifle too big for the stage."

Then seeing the pamphlet-form play of "The Lady of Lyons" lying on the piano, he took it up and perused it, contemplating Evelyn's marginal notes.

"Are you refreshing your memory again with this?" he asked.

"I took it up just as you came in."

"You have been studying the other?"

"Yes," struck in madame; "and perfect she is, too, if you'll believe me."

"I am glad to hear it; but it is decided that 'The Lady of Lyons' shall be performed for the benefit. I am to choose a lady for Pauline, and have had you cast for the role. I am glad, too, that Leicester Mayne has promised to play Claude Melnotte. You will find it easier to act with a professional, who has already made a success in the delineation of that character, than if you were at the mercy of an amateur."

"But does Mr. Mayne know really it is I who am to be Pauline?"

"He knows you."

"True; but then he has not seen me attempt anything yet."

"He has as much faith as I have; possibly he is more sanguine. A great number of the amateur company have played before large audiences, and play well. I predict a success."

"You give me hope, Mr. Percival. I trust I shall not prove unworthy of all the care you have bestowed upon me."

"I am sure not. Will you let me try your memory, Miss Desmond? Recite your part, and let me see if you have remembered all my instructions."

Mr. Percival took a seat and became all attention, and madame sat down with such a placid smile of confidence that Evelyn nerved herself for the ordeal, and, suddenly entering the room through the partly open door, as she would have entered the stage, went through her part as only an inborn talent could have made her do.

Her memory was perfect, her gesture elegant, refined and telling; her voice and delivery powerful. Nature, sympathy, emotion and action were embodied in the excellent and artistic delineation of the character she had personified. The movement of her supple limbs, the grace of her superb figure, and the charming witchery of her lovely face, enchanted by the silent, soul-thrilling eloquence of those sad, dreamy eyes, held even Mr. Percival down enraptured and spellbound.

"Perfect," he said, rising and shaking Evelyn by the hand; but the next minute contradicting the highest form of praise by pointing out one or two little imperfections, which literally did not lessen the honor he had paid her.

"You were a little hurried," he explained. "Once or twice you seemed to be like scrambling through your part—that is, on the stage. To you, here before me only, your delivery may have seemed unnecessarily slow. Keep calm, my dear Miss Desmond, and take your time. Before the footlights, with the stage surroundings, you may make your pauses twice as long, and you'll gain by the effect. Every word uttered takes a fractional part of a minute to reach the audience; therefore, keep uniformity in time, and let your pauses be correspondingly long."

"Shall I not learn much of that in the rehearsals?"

"Yes; now that you are warned, you will. But let me suggest that one or two of your gestures are rapid, not in a room or social circle, but on the stage, and seen from the stage they would fail to tell upon the audience, whose mind is already occupied by the dramatic influence brought to bear upon it. Now let us have it over again."

"All?" she asked.

"Dear me, no. First, those that drew my attention," Mr. Percival replied, with that patient amile which was all his own.

And so Evelyn went through the poses and her gestures over again, and made a couple of entrances and exits, entirely to his satisfaction.

After a time—in which Mr. Percival took a glass of sherry, Evelyn one of lemonade, and madame a sip from a private bottle of her own (the bottle was brown in color, there was no label upon it to denote its contents) Eva sang to Mr. Percival a sympathetic little ballad, accompanying herself on the piano, which, in justice to the long term of service and disuse, ought to have been superannuated and kept as an ancient family relic by the maker. A purpose had possibly much to do with the marked improvement in Evelyn's voice. The hours she had frittered away at the Falconcourts' in pretending to practice music and singing ended with no practical result. Now, every brief hour of study was felt, and to what state of perfection it would bring her remained to be seen.

"I should by glad, Miss Desmond," Percival said, when Evelyn retired from the piano, "if you could spare me a couple of hours every other morning until we have the rehearsals. I should like to give one recitation in the presence of Leicester Mayne and a few particular friends."

"I will do my best, Mr. Percival, and will come to you as you desire."

"Thanks. We shall soon have you before the public, and then for the broken hearts and fevered brains of our rich rising generation."

Evelyn only smiled a little sadly. Her own heart had been too cruelly tampered with for her to take these remarks lightly.

"Isn't it so, madame?" he persisted.

"I hope not—it shall never be my fault," interrupted Evelyn very earnestly.

Percival smiled as he went out, and that smile plainly said,

"Ah, young and pure as yet. Others have said so, my child, and fallen before those who heard them say it had forgotten the words."

When Percival had gone Evelyn became a little moody—she had much food for thought sometimes. Time can steal from us our pleasures before we really feel the enjoyment of them. But what a laggard is that master of the scythe when we are waiting wistfully for the care-laden clouds to be lifted.

Evelyn had not yet wept out the memory of those old days in the quiet of Merton Villa, nor those brighter days when she basked in the social sunshine of high life with the Falconcourts, with Camden Hope for a guide and counselor. The canker of the poisoned love-dart planted by Doyle was still burning in her heart—she could not hate him because he was faithless.

And now all these associations were broken up. Where were the Falconcourts? Enjoying a Continental tour. Doyle she had not heard of. Hope, too—was he with the Falconcourts, or following Gabrielle Vane? And Mrs. Plummer—poor Ellen—what had become of her? Lost forever to Evelyn, she thought, and she shuddered at the remembrance. She had gone to see Ellen after Jasper Strong was committed for trial. The house was shut up. Evelyn made inquiries, but could learn nothing concerning Ellen's movements. She could learn nothing about her until the trial of Jasper Strong came on. As much as Evelyn would have liked to see Ellen then, she would not, dreading to be dragged forth to the court. If there was any doubt as to Ellen's innocence, all who knew her would be subpœnaed to appear and give evidence. Evelyn shuddered at the very thought of being placed in the prison-dock to have her history brought to light—torn remorselessly by the cruel method of cross-examination—so she had stayed away. There was to come a great lapse of time before she would learn the painful history of the epoch in the life of Ellen. She never dreamed that her own father had taken up Ellen's cause. De Vere found that Evelyn had mysteriously disappeared from the Falconcourts—a fact that he learned from visiting Marian. Ellen had sent him there in the full belief that at the Falconcourts' alone Evelyn would be found, so he went back to the stricken woman disappointed and alarmed, though he hid his fears from her.

"Evelyn," he said, "has changed her quarters."

Ellen only stared vacantly up at him in a confused, half-conscious sort of way, and then, with a sigh, murmured:

"She will not come here—she must never come here."

Ellen's mind was rapidly collapsing. The weight of the secret she was trying to hide from the world was breaking her down. At the trial of Jasper Strong, that placid, sturdy woman impressed the Court as being a human wreck. Her hair was as white as fallen snow, and the will, changeless, expressionless face betrayed the blank her mind had become.

The trial lasted two days; Strong had pleaded guilty, and doggedly adhered to the statement that he murdered Plummer. His whole attention was divided between his child and Ellen—paying no heed to counsel or witness on either side. He looked wretchedly ill. To judge from his appearance, Death had already marked him for an early victim. When the case went to the jury, they returned a verdict in less than twenty minutes.

"Guilty," said the foreman.

The fearful silence of suspense in court broke then, and there was a buzz as all eyes went slowly from the jurymen to the prisoner. To the open astonishment of everyone in court, he looked triumphant, a slight patch of color started into life on each cheek, and a smile of grim satisfaction settled on his pallid lips. He was not thinking of the dreadful end that awaited him. In his own pure, simple faith in the great glory of the future, he believed that he would meet there the woman who had been his companion and helpmeet for twenty years, who was dear to him when a wife and mother, always dearer now that she had gone to the untathomed realm where it was his dream to meet her as an angel; for he had argued within himself:

"They are all equal there—God knows no distinction, only between the good and the wicked, and Susan was always good, God bless her!"

So, when the Judge had asked why the sentence of death should not be passed upon him, he drew himself up, saying:

"I have nothing to say, my lord; but if you would let me ask one question—only one ——"

"Well, be brief."

His lips quivered, and in a voice of tears the poor fellow went on:

"It was only to ask yer lordship what would be done wi' my little gal—she be innocent of her father's sins at least."

Whereupon there was a slight stir in court as the counsel for the defense rose and addressed the Judge:

"Me lud," he said, "I have instructions from the friends of the witness Mrs. Plummer to state that the prisoner's daughter will be well cared for, and a provision made for her during her life."

Those who had been watching that strange, calm man, who was morally standing with the nooze around his neck, saw him turn his eyes full of eloquence and gladness upon the ghostly, expressionless face of the stricken woman. They saw his eyes fill with tears as he murmured a blessing, and then they said that his was the peaceablest face they had ever seen for a murderer, and many of the boldest declared that it was more the face of a martyr, and pity reigned for him.

Then the sentence of death was passed upon Jasper Strong with all due solemnity, and the jury, stricken too by the never-before-seen demeanor of this man, recommended him to mercy. Then he was removed from the dock, his last look, like a faithful hound, fixed upon the woman who had succored him and his, and the smile was still on his haggard face.

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FOURTH-OF-JULY WEEK IN PHILADELPHIA.

NOTICE.—Persons visiting Philadelphia during Fourth-of-July week will be splendidly accommodated with airy beds on application to Professor Swingem, "near the Centennial Buildings." Terms—cash in advance.

Domestic inconvenience consequent upon the great influx of country cousins, blood relations, and other long-lost members of the family, during the celebration of our Centennial at Fairmount Park, Philadelphia.

How freely might he have lifted his voice and said unto his God:

"I am a martyr; but she succored me and mine, and I have repaid her—with my life."

CHAPTER XX.
THE LAST OF THE MAN FROM MANCHESTER.

After that trial the widow, with her heart turned to stone—her life a blank, and with a doubt upon her name—shut herself up in her home, and for days neither spoke nor slept. She had been led from the prison by her solicitor and friends—led away like a spectre—so silent and immovable was she. Before being left quite alone she turned her vacant eyes upon De Vere, and spoke just this one sentence, as if she were in a dream:

"Take care of the child; but—but do not have her brought to me."

It was noticeable after that day that Ellen, though in every way evincing the same tender love for the bereaved child, would not and could not be induced to see her. So for days she remained in a state of lethargy—physically and mentally prostrated. Those grave, gray eyes of hers had lost their lustre, and seemed to be always gazing into far-away space—perhaps she wondered whether *his* sinful soul had found a haven—perhaps, too, she dreaded the ordeal which she must carry through in that place. No audibly expressed thought passed her lips, however, and even the efforts of her friendly physician and her solicitor failed to elicit anything from her beyond:

"In time—in time—all shall be settled."

That time came sooner than either of those gentlemen had expected. They were sent for early one morning, and they found De Vere already present. He, too, looked wearied and haggard, for his search for his daughter had been a fruitless one. He dared not advertise his presence in the bloodhounds of the law would be on his track if he did, for he was a branded felon, while the stain of the unexplained past was upon him.

"Gentlemen," said Ellen, in a low but distinct voice, "if anything should happen to me, for even a fate worse than death may be now hovering around me"—they knew full well the terrible meaning of those words—they sounded the knell of lunacy—"I would like it to be understood that what little property I have left I wish to make over to—that child ——"

"Hetty Str——" began the lawyer, but she stopped him with a wave of the hand.

"Yes, Hetty," she said with a slight shiver.

"I can draw up the form of a will now, if it is your pleasure; and, if not, I can give to me the power of attorney, it had better be done at once."

Ellen bowed her head, and, nerving herself for the ordeal and struggling through that dreadful lethargy, instructed him as to the disposition of her property, which was bequeathed unconditionally to Hetty in her own death. Then she gave her solicitor the power of attorney. She talked only when absolutely necessary, and seemed infinitely relieved when the business was over. After that a relapse came on, from which she never again recovered. Day by day she grew worse. She moved and had her being as one entirely unconscious of herself and all about her. There was a gradual sinking of that powerful frame and utter indifference to the necessity of diet, and suddenly she sank, physically and mentally prostrated. The doctors had been called in—two of the most eminent physicians that could be procured—but they only shook their heads.

"Her mind is gone," said one.

"We had better have a consultation with a couple of lunacy doctors," said the other, and the consultation was held.

And so it came to pass that in less than another week a large close carriage was drawn along the Uxbridge road and entered the gates of that massive white building which Ellen had noticed on the day of her second marriage—that large white building known as Hanwell Lunatic Asylum. She had thought it a fitting place once—not thinking so of it then, now others thought it the most fitting place for her; and so from out that close carriage came De Vere, Camden Hope, a keeper and Mrs. Plummer. They were met at the door of the asylum by another keeper and a doctor. Thus they made a solemn, silent procession of six into the sombre hall of this building so much dreaded by the sane. Out of that silent, solemn procession of six only two came an hour afterwards—Vere and Camden Hope.

"Poor Ellen!" the latter slightly had said. "And this is what an exemplary life of patience, faithfulness and toil has come to. Providence seems a little unmerciful to some people."

"Yes; and yet it is the orthodox fashion to charge us directly with being the authors of our own misfortunes."

"So we may be, but quite unintentionally. It is hard for us to foresee the result of a mistake when we are ignorant of the mistake having been made."

"Which was Mrs. Plummer's case. How was she to foresee the result of a union with a man whom she had known as her first husband's friend. It is very wrong, I know, but I really feel that I have no pity for him."

"I have not much to thank him for," said De Vere sadly. "Do you think that it was this dreadful affair which drove my niece Evelyn away?"

"Scarcely. She had left the Falconcourts a day before I heard of the tragedy."

"Can you throw any light on the matter, do you think, Mr. Hope?"

Camden was silent for a while. Evelyn's disappearance was no mystery to him.

"I don't know how to answer you exactly, Mr. De Vere. At least, I surmise the cause of Evelyn leaving us in that way. The story is a painful one."

Hope told then what had happened between Evelyn and Ernest Crayford Doyle. He noticed that his companion's handsome brow contracted, and his lips closed firmly.

"The villain!" he said. "Had I been here, he should have answered to me for it."

"He will not gain much by it," Hope said, with a meaning smile. "He is little else than an adventurer. He has already suffered the penalty of his presumption. He was vain enough to suppose Miss Falconcourt was in love with him, and found out his mistake. Infatuated she was for a time; but when he sought her hand in marriage, she laughed in his face, and told her father. Falconcourt intends to start at once on a Continental tour with his daughter."

"And you?"

"I shall remain until the will of Lord Hope is proved, and know whether I am his heir or not. In the meantime I shall take the liberty of assisting you in recovering Evelyn."

"Thank you, Hope. You have a right. She is your cousin—I don't quite know by how many removes. She is my d——niece," De Vere quickly checked himself, "a blood relation—I came here to fill a father's place, and I am not likely to give in."

They took train back to town, driving at once to the hotel, where a note awaited them. It came from the prison in which Jasper Strong lay on a sick-bed. The day for his execution had been deferred on account of his illness. From the cell he had been removed to the prison infirmary, but his illness baffled the doctors. He was sinking rapidly. The feeble strength was waning every hour, and by every hour his span of life was being measured.

What was to be done? The physicians knew it—the authorities knew it—and the sentence of the law must be carried out. Should it be hastened, a half-dead man carried on to the scaffold? He could not survive the terrible ordeal, the doctors had said, and so the Secretary of State was petitioned to commute the sentence, and at the end of three anxious days the petition was granted. The sentence of death passed upon Jasper Strong for the murder of Stephen Plummer was commuted to that of imprisonment for life. The dying man smiled when he heard it. His life would be such a brief one that his crime would soon be atoned for.

So it was that he had begged permission to see his daughter, and the request was granted. The note to De Vere was a brief one.

"In the name of God's mercy, which you may, like me, need some day, let me see my child. I am dying, and a father's blessing follow you," said Strong.

"Will you take the child, Hope? I cannot see that poor fellow. Tell him that she shall be taken care of. Tell him all you know. Tell him that any request he may make shall be fulfilled—by—me."

"Believe me, I will obey your behests. Pardon me, De Vere—do you think him guilty?"

"The jury say so."

"But what is your private opinion?"

"If he is not, *she* is. Let me accept for my ——"

Again he was deprived of saying my "daughter's sake," but checked himself—"for Evelyn's sake, the world's belief."

"Yes," thought Camden Hope, as he wended his way to the house of the matron who had little Hetty in charge, "I too accept the world's belief; but, judging by the tone of the press, the belief is in his favor."

Hetty the motherless—Hetty, the daughter of a felon—poor, broken-hearted orphan, what recompense was the kindness of strangers to her who was to go through the world bearing a name disgraced by the foulest of crimes, and her young heart crying out for the love of those—no matter, this being of lowly station, her love was in the hearts of the dead and the dying.

It was a sad scene when she was taken, by the kindly matron, to bid charge of her, within those dismal prison-walls to her dying father. It was a scene Camden could not participate in. He bade the child be kept away until he had conversed with the dying man. The interview was brief—he had but few things to ask.

"What had become of *his* ——?" was his first question, and Camden knew he meant Ellen.

The news was gently broken to him, and he groaned aloud.

"Turn your thoughts to your own flesh and blood," said Camden gently. "I have come to speak of your Hetty."

"She is here, sir?"

"Yes."

"And—did—didn't they say she was to be cared for?"

"As long as she lives—well taken care of."

"Ah, with my name, it won't, sir, it won't be a very pleasant life for the poor lamb."

"A day will come when that name may be changed. Edward left a good home on his death to place your daughter far above the level of her class."

"Aye, sir, but she deserves it. She's a good, truthful girl, is Hetty. She'll never disgrace them as is kind to her—no, sir—not never."

"I am sure of that, Mr. Strong."

"Thank you, sir. It will ease me as I heard myself called 'mister,' but you gentle folks is much kinder than them upstart shopkeepers as is been my lot to deal with. Thank Heaven, I'm going where there aint no difference between us. Is there, sir?"

"No, my good Strong—no. The Almighty allows no distinction of birth in His supreme kingdom."

"Then, sir, why do He allow it here?" Then, as Hope remained silent, Strong added: "Never mind, sir—we won't talk of them things. I ain't got time to talk much, and I won't keep yer here."

"Whatever request you have to make shall be carried out."

"It's quite certain, aint it, that Hetty is to be cared for?—it aint for a day."

"No; Miss De Vere's uncle will see to her, and Mrs. Plummer has willed her property over to Hetty. Lawyers have charge of it for her. No one can touch it until she is twenty-one years of age."

"Thank God, thank God! Well, sir, I would wish as how and when she gets the money—mind that—Hetty were to go to her mother's grave, and some day put a little gravestone there—not with no name—on'y with jist: 'Susan, as was a good wife, a good mother and a good woman, and her true husband has gone to meet her.'"

Camden could not help feeling touched. The rugged simplicity of the man was not to be sneered or laughed at, whatever those who did not see him or hear him might do.

"It shall be done."

"And now, sir, I'll say good-bye, and I only wants to see my Hetty alone—all by myself, sir. It won't be for long."

"You shall have her with you at once," said Camden, rising, and taking a kindly leave of the ill-fated Man from Manchester.

The poor fellow showed signs of uneasiness, now that he expected every second to see his only child enter. The nurse begged him to be quiet and remain calm, and offered him a little stimulant; but he was feverish and distressed. The perspiration stood out on his forehead and sunken cheeks, while the hollow, dilated eyes were fixed upon the door.

"Why don't she come?" he gasped. "Oh, why don't she come?"

Hetty, almost in hysterics, was being held back to be soothed. She could not see her poor father, they told her, unless she promised to be good and quiet; and as many times as she sobbingly promised did she burst forth into a fresh, convulsive fit of weeping, which seemed to rend her very heart asunder, as her heaving breast showed.

"Hush, darling," said the matronly guardian of the poor orphan. "Your father calls, dear, and you must not go to him until you are quiet. The doctors say you will make him ill."

Fancying, perhaps, that she would hear her father's voice, little Hetty smothered back her sobs to choking gasps, which were none the less distressing than the sobs, and she was at least permitted to enter the sacred precincts of the dying; for death is always solemn, even when only a criminal is stricken.

She cast a hurried glance around the room. Quick as a flash of lightning her eyes swept over each bed. A low moan told her at once the direction of the bed, and she sped towards it, floating, as it were, upon air between her feet and the floor, with her arms outstretched and her eyes distorted, her lips apart, and a wild cry only restrained by the dreaded uncertainty of being wrong—a cry that burst forth when she recognized her father in spite of emaciation, in spite of the hollow cheeks and sunken eyes, and the yellow, ghostly face which never had looked so in the days of the worst privation that they had been forced to undergo too often:

"Father!"

"Hetty, my child! Hush, little woman—don't see cry, lass!"

"Oh, my dear, dear father, why do the wicked people keep you here?"

"Hush! hush! Hetty, my poor pet!"

"Yes, dear father!" Her arms were flung round his neck, her form buried in the bedclothes, and she was sobbing again.

"Do you love me, little woman?"

"Oh, yes, *ever* so much. You are my dear father always."

"Then, my darling, don't take on so. I can't bear it. I want to talk to you, Hetty. I want you to promise me something; will you?"

"Yes, father." Brave in her love, she stifled for the time the anguish of that little, grief-rent heart, and clambered up on the bed to embrace him.

"Are you listening, Hetty?"

"Yes, father."

"Do you know that the world and the great lawyers who tried me in the court-house think me a very sinful man? Do you?"

"Oh, no, no, no! My father never could be wicked."

"Why, Hetty?"

"Because you loved mother, who is dead, and me."

He folded the child in his arms, and kissed her with all the fervor his feeble strength could summon.

"Hetty, promise me never to say what I tell you, won't you?"

"Yes, father."

"They won't kill me, you know, Hetty—not if I live."

"And you will live, father?"

"No, my dear: I'm going to see your mother. She is watching over me and over you, and we will watch over you together, if you are a good girl. Hush! Listen to me, my little woman. If all the world thinks bad of me—and it will—if people say bad things of me—and they will—never don't listen to 'em. You don't think bad of me?"

"Oh, no! dear, dear father."

"And will believe what I tell you?"

"Yes, father."

"And will always think kind and good of the lady what was kind to me and you?"

"Yes, father."

"And promise to be good always? Then never think of what the world may say, Hetty. We have judges on earth, but there is One in Heaven, Hetty, who judges all of us—and—put your ear close down—that's it—you listen?"

"Yes, father."

"Hold your head up in the world. Forget when I was—forget what I have done. I am going for her sake, Hetty—going to die in a prison. Hush, my darling, hush! Nobody won't think much of such folks as a-dying in a prison—but a disgrace it all; but you'll know, Hetty, cos I tell yer ——" His voice was growing faint and hoarse, and Hetty looked at him in speechless wonder. "But, little woman, *I'm innocent*, as God is my witness."

"I know it, father," wailed the poor child, sobbing aloud. "Oh, my dear father, don't, pray don't leave me!"

A ghostly smile wreathed the poor fellow's face as he fixed his glassy eye upon her.

"Don't cry, pet. I'm going—going to meet your mother. I'll hear—her—call—me!"

And so the scene had ended. The nurse entered at that point to give him his medicine, and Hetty was quietly but forcibly removed from the bedside.

When the pale, ghostly light peered in on the morn of the new day, Jasper Strong seemed as if he was peacefully sleeping, and he was asleep in the shroud which had just been placed upon him. There lay the last of the Man from Manchester.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THROUGH HAND AND HEART.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY MRS. E. BURKE COLLINS.

It is a fine old building, standing in the midst of elegant grounds—Oaklands—the country-seat of my friend Capt. Tremaine. For several seasons the Tremaine family held high revel within these massive walls, gathering around them the beauty and fashion of the country, and none more beautiful than Gertrude Trent, the young wife of a New York politician. After an absence of several years, I returned to Oaklands only to find it deserted, the house closed, and everything fast going to decay. Full of amazement at this wonderful change, I sought the village lawyer, and begged for information. He looked grave.

"You wish to know, sir," he said, "why the Tremaines have left Oaklands? They cannot live there. I will repeat to you all that I know concerning the strange affair."

And this is "the tale as 'twas told to me."

"Gertrude, is this thing true? Speak!"

He folded his arms upon his breast, and, leaning against the marble mantel, gazed into the face of the woman cowering and shrinking before the awful light in his eyes. She sank on the rich carpet at his feet, and clasped her hands in mute supplication. A tiny creature, with great azure eyes, and hair like the yellow, silken tassels of the waving corn—soft and shining. Still robed in the ball-dress which she had worn at the reception, from where she had just returned, its soft, white, satiny folds fell about the graceful figure in luxurious sheen. She had torn off her white gloves and tossed away the jewels which had adorned her; but a diamond star still glowed like an eye of fire upon her snowy bosom, and down from her fluffy hair there drooped a water-lily, brown and dead now, and so were her hopes, she thought, as she knelt there silently at the feet of her husband.

"Why do you not speak, Gertrude?" he said at length. "You have no word to say for yourself? I expected as much"—this with a cruel sneer curling the corners of his mouth. Of a truth, one would not like willingly to offend this man Richard Trent. There was a lurking devil in his eyes as he turned coldly, relentlessly upon the woman before him, whom scarce one year before he had sworn to love and protect. It is passing strange that men who, being, as they assert, stronger, ought to rise above assailing temptation, expect—nay, demand—unlimited latitude in their actions, and, no matter what wrong they may commit, invariably exact forgiveness. But when, perhaps goaded on by some terrible wrong, or through the natural weakness of the human heart, a woman errs, although she is considered the weaker, there is for her no forgiveness, no pity; the frailest must perforce bear the sins of both. "To step aside is human"—*for men*—for women there is no pardon. This is the world's idea of justice!

Gazing down into her despairing face, the man seemed a fiend. There were lightning flashes of concentrated rage and hatred gleaming in his eyes, and warring against the selfish passion, which he dignified by the name of love for the miserable woman before him, making his face like that of a demon. He was Mephistopheles, sitting in judgment on the soul before him.

"Gertrude," he hissed, at length, breaking the awful silence that shrouded the room, "you do well to say nothing. Let me put it into words, then. I will paint the picture for your inspection. Listen: You are my wife—young and beautiful; all that wealth can buy you is yours; all that a reasonable woman can desire is in your possession. But, not content with queening it over society, you dishonor my name, and ——"

"Stop, Richard Trent!"

She had found words at last. Slowly she arose to her feet and pushed back the disheveled hair from her clammy forehead, her small hands clasped themselves no longer, there was no more beseeching in her eyes.

"Richard Trent," she said in a firm, decided voice, "listen to *me* now. Two years ago, when I was a careless child, I gave my heart to John Earlscourt, and he loved me in return. But we were poor—both of us—very poor. It's an old story." She paused, and again pushed back her falling hair, then she went on with a gesture of disdain. "My father discovered that I was an expensive luxury to maintain, and so he sold me to you; I had no volition in the matter. It was a mere affair of barter, as easy to solve as any other simple problem. And so my innocence was sacrificed to a roue."

The man winced. Unpleasant truths are seldom palatable.

"You need not look at me threateningly," the woman went on. "I know your true character now, and, steeped in sin as you are, you naturally imagine the worst of everybody else." She paused again, drawing her breath painfully. "I have met John Earlscourt," she continued, "again and again, within the circle of the cursed thing you call 'society.' I have met him calmly, dispassionately, and, as God in heaven hears me, I have never had in my heart a thought that could wrong you."

A smile crossed Richard Trent's cynical lip, as he coolly lit a cigar.

"Go on," he said coldly.

"If I have appeared guilty to-night, Richard," she went on, more calmly, "it was because that, at the reception to-night, we accidentally met alone for a moment—John Earlscourt and I—and in the agony of our unexpected meeting, forgetting what was due me, he spoke words that were better unsaid. In the midst of them you appeared; you dragged me away from his side and brought me home. I did wrong in listening to him; but never until you said the word *dishonor* in connection with me did the thought that you dare so accuse me enter my heart; and when you insult me thus, Richard Trent, you know that you are speaking falsely."

Still that cold, pitiless stare—that cruel, mocking smile; would the man never speak? She sank upon a velvet couch and buried her face in her hands. The tiny bronze clock on a marble bracket ticked away the minutes, hurrying them on into eternity; the first faint streak of dawn began to touch the eastern sky. He leaned against the mantel, and finished his cigar. At last:

"Nice little romance, isn't it? Really, you ought to get yourself into print, Gertrude. What do you suppose will be the result of all this?"

"I cannot say, Richard. It shall be as you will. If you wish I will leave your house at once."

"And fly to the arms of your lover!" he sneered.

She clenched her hand fiercely, and the hot blood rushed over her face; then, receding, left her like a marble statue.

"You know me well enough, madam, to be aware that your fine words have about as much effect upon me as on this," striking the mantel as he spoke. "No defense of yours—and I must confess that you are a very eloquent pleader"—he bowed lowly and mockingly before her—"can possibly alter my conviction; it is what I *choose* to think. *You are a false wife*, and as such I shall regard you. But my fair name shall not trail in the dust, and I shall not suffer anything to escape with which the gossips can busy themselves. Therefore I intend that you shall remain as you are—my wife in the eyes of the world. If you leave my house, I shall blazon your shame to the four winds of heaven. But, mark you, Gertrude Trent! I shall dog your footsteps morning, noon and night. You need not think to escape me. You can have no secret from my eyes—never any more."

He paused, gave her a cold, sweeping glance from head to foot, drew forth his cigar-case, and proceeded to light another cigar; then, taking his hat from the table where he had carelessly tossed it, he bowed lowly again before her.

"Good-morning, Mrs. Trent!" he sneered, and withdrew from her presence.

As though stunned she sat there, while the sound of his retreating footsteps fell upon her ears; then the outer door closed after him, and all was silent once more. How long she sat there Gertrude Trent never realized; she had dismissed her maid on arriving home, and so the great house held no other waking occupant save herself. And, sitting there alone, she saw her future. She had been guilty of no intentional wrong, but circumstances were arrayed against her. She understood her position; she knew that Richard Trent would haunt her; she must shun John Earlscourt as a bitter enemy should be shunned—she only prayed that they might never meet again.

But it is in novels only that hearts break; in real life we suffer and bear in secret; if the heart dies, pride's mandates for silence on the subject are imperative. And, no matter what we endure, so long as the world rocks not of it, for the world is a pitiless judge, oftentimes condemning without granting the victim a chance to plead guilty or not guilty. Especially is this true as regards the judgments of women against each other, for "the only creatures in the world that prey upon their own sex and kind are women." Gertrude Trent knew all this.

But the behests of society must be obeyed, and so when night rolled around again it found the wretched woman at Oaklands, in Mrs. Tremaine's glittering drawing-rooms. She was the gayest of the gay—flashing, bewildering—a perfect syren; but under the faint rouge on her cheeks there was a deathly pallor, and her eyes wore an unnatural gleam, and her hands had a way of clenching themselves together when she fancied that no one observed her. But

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JULY 8, 1876.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ **Letters seeking information** replied to only through this department; no answers by mail.

E. C., Richfield Springs.—A man was on third when man at bat hit the ball, which went straight up in the air right over home plate, or perhaps a trifle in front of the plate. Catcher of Stars stood on or near the plate, watching and waiting for the ball to come down, and, just as he was in the act of catching the ball, the man running home from third ran against the catcher, and nearly or quite knocked him over—at any rate, effectually prevented him from holding the ball. Stars asked that the base-runner be declared out for obstructing the catcher in fielding. Umpire, after hearing considerable talk from both sides, decided the run to count, on the ground that the catcher had no right to obstruct the base-runner from touching the home base. The decision in question was a wrong one, and against the letter as well as the spirit of the rules; but that fact did not justify the club in refusing to play, and therefore the decision giving the forfeit was right. Nothing whatever justifies a nine in refusing to complete a game. If the umpire is unjust, enter a protest, but play the game out. In regard to the alleged obstruction, while the rules require a base-player to get out of the way of a base-runner while the latter is running on the line of the bases to reach a base, they make an exception in all cases where a fielder is trying to catch a fly ball, whether fair or foul. In such case the base-runner must get out of the way of the base-player or be decided out.

W. E. H.—If you will read the rules attentively there will be no need of your asking such questions. A base-runner can, of course, "dodge back and forth" as he likes. He runs a risk of being put out. 2. Yes. 3. Under the amateur code no player can be put out on returning on a foul ball, whether caught on the fly or bound. 4. "Suppose, after a foul ball has been struck and not caught flying, that a player (base-runner) goes back and touches his base, but, instead of holding his base until the pitcher gets the ball, he runs to the next base—can he be put out if the ball, after it has settled in the hands of the pitcher, be thrown and held on the base he left, after the ball was struck?" Yes. 5. About scoring a run. If two hands are out, and a base-runner on third base, and the striker hit a ball to short-stop, when the base-runner runs in and touches the home base before the man can put out at first base, does the score count?" No. 6. "If the base-runner on third base runs in and touches the home base before the third hand is forced out, does the score count?" No.

A. E. A., Detroit.—Unless the opponent of A expressly stipulated that the other man would win, thus placing both bettors on an equality, said opponent is entitled to the benefit of a "lay." A wins his bet. There is no serious difficulty about contracting bets of this character. If A, for example, did not mean that McLaughlin would win positively, there was no occasion for his betting that McLaughlin would win. He could have bet that McLaughlin's opponent would not win, or that McLaughlin would not be beaten, odds either event in his favor. Neither have had the benefit of any tie. Or he might have said: "I bet on McLaughlin," or "I take McLaughlin for so many dollars," and a tie would make a draw of it, as then the other party to the bet could not be held to have assumed the converse of A's proposition, whereas in the present case, in betting that McLaughlin will not win, he really assumes nothing more than the negative, and only contracts that his own representative shall not lose.

CLIPPER READER, No. 1, Columbus.—1. The votes of the United States for General Grant in November, 1872, were: in Illinois—Grant, 241,248; Greeley, 184,770; O'Conor, 3,058; in Ohio—Grant, 281,852; Greeley, 244,321; O'Conor, 1,163 (there were also 2,010 votes cast for Black Prohibition candidate); in Pennsylvania — Grant, 349,589; Greeley, 211,541; in New York—Grant, 440,759; Greeley, 387,279. Although O'Conor had been nominated by a branch of the Democracy, still he was not a candidate on election day. The total vote of Grant was 3,597,070; of Greeley, 2,834,079. As indicating the relative strength of Democrats and Republicans in 1872, these figures are really valueless, as that was the Administration candidate, rather than the full Republican, and Greeley (a Republican) was the candidate of both Republicans and Democrats. 2. Water is taken up from Connecticut, on the line of the Pennsylvania Railroad. We cannot spare space to describe the process.

C. F., Boston.—Thanks for your assistance in the matter, which enables us to answer your question. S. O. Wheeler's Circus never performed in the National Theatre, in your city, during the year 1864; but S. O. Wheeler & Smith, built, opened and managed that theatre, which was destroyed by fire March 24, 1863, was opened Dec. 26, 1864. The company, as announced, included Eaton Stone, Sam Sharpley, the Bowles family, Frank Whittaker, Joe Newton, Joe Pentland, the Denzer Brothers, Master Leon, Mrs. Stickney, Miss Whittaker, Mme. Stone and Mlle. Josephine. Joe Pentland and the Denzer Brothers, however, never appeared there. The season closed Feb. 25, 1865.

D. H. S.—The real difficulty would not occur until he came to the polls. If his vote were challenged, the inspectors might rule him to be a resident of New Jersey, or (which is the likelier) they might adjudge him to be a resident of N. Y. He might produce papers would in the emergency be of no service in fixing his residence. It is useless for us to give an opinion, since the matter is largely subject to whatever view the election-inspectors may take of it. Were the party a house-holder or a tax-payer, the inspectors would not have so wide a margin.

JUNO GASSY.—1. We like the picture you have drawn of yourself. Possessing many requisites for the stage, we see no reason why you should not make your mark on the boards. If you could interview some of our city managers, and give them a specimen of your abilities, there is a probability that you might please the taste of one of them, at least, who would "give you a rise." Failing in that, see our dramatic agents, and make a plain statement of your case to them. 2. The poetry is very good.

A. M. B., Reading.—1. "What has become of the following once famous baseball players: Charles Mills, catcher of the Mutual Baseball Club, 1871 and part of 1872; Lennon, catcher of Kekiongas of Fort Wayne, Ind., of 1871? 2. Was there a dime baseball-rule book published in 1870 by De Witt or Beadle & Adams?" ..... Mills is dead. Lennon is in Brooklyn. Beadle's guide was issued the other way, in 1860. De Witt in 1870. They have been issued yearly ever since.

J. A. W., Columbus.—"Is the catcher entitled to an assistance when he throws a man out at first after missing him on three strikes?" ..... Certainly he is. We give the batsman out on strikes, and credit the baseman with the put-out, the catcher with an assistance. It is frequently a point to play not to catch the ball on the third strike, because in such case a base-runner may thereby be forced out and a chance for a double-play be given.

GEORGE, Philadelphia.—When "Frou Frou" was first produced at the Arch-street Theatre, in your city, April 4, 1870, Mrs. John Drew acted Gilberte; but, as our correspondent did not give the full cast, we cannot say whether Miss Lizzie Price played in the piece or not, yet we have no doubt that she did so. Barton Hill was not a member of the company at that season, Jack Gardner being the leading man.

F. A., Flushing.—1. Any theatrical costumer can make you a song-and-dance suit. The price will depend upon the material used. We cannot say who will make a suit for the cheapest price, nor do we know of any dealer in second-hand sang-and-dance suits. 2. The fare from here to Cincinnati, on one of the lines in the Railroad, and the distance by that route is about 850 miles. 3. Miss Kitty O'Neil is not dancing anywhere at present.

TAUNTY, Dallas.—We have given no other decision than that a pin whose spot is occupied, either wholly or in part, by a ball must remain off the table until its spot is uncovered. Your present statement, that the pin was squarely on its spot, is its own answer, and leaves nothing to decide.

DECKER, Danville.—1. The card exposed can be required to be played at any time when the playing of it will not cause a revoke. 2. The left bower becomes a dead card, and no trick can be taken with it. Its exposure shows the partner that, by finding a small trump next time, he can make his play, if not a march.

PAVILION.—1. A loses. The Idlewild, now running to Coney Island, was built this year, in Brooklyn. 2. She has a 48in. cylinder, and a 10ft. stroke. Tonnage, 1,000 tons. This is also the first season of the Marion, which runs to Rockaway. 4. The Pilot Boy, running to Coney Island in conjunction with the Idlewild, has been borrowed from Philadelphia.

MANAGER, Middleport.—We would not advise you to take a variety company to the West Indies. You can only perform these nights a week, and it is very difficult to get transportation from one island to another. The only sure way is to charter a schooner; and the expense would be too great for a show of the kind you mention.

J. C., Pittsburg.—"In a game of baseball a man is on third base, and the striker hits a ball to left field, upon which the man on third base comes in, and the striker runs on his hit to third, and is put out by the fielder fielding it to the third-baseman. Does the run made on this hit count?" ..... Yes; the run counts.

F. A. C., Ypsilanti.—Bet first, and call for a decision afterwards. Then state the case fully. We cannot tell whether "McLaughlin" is a horse or a mile, a boat-puller or an billiard-player, a pedestrian, a wrestler, or a fighting horse. It is essential to know these things in order to give a decision, as the rules of the different sports vary.

T. N. S., Hartford.—1. It is usual, at dice, to "follow your tie." That is, B, having tied A, throws first on the play-off. 2. Really, it makes no difference who throws first. There is no percentage against B in throwing twice in succession.

A. B. C., Hamilton.—1. About 24, 20, and 18 years of age, respectively. 2. Agnes Wallace was married some years ago to S. B. Vilia. 3. Jennie Wallace is the wife of F. B. Dobson. 4. She does not care to have such a matter made public.

H. G. G., Philadelphia.—1. John McCullough was born in Ireland in 1832. 2. John Wilkes Booth, the brother of Edwin Booth, was an actor, but was not performing on the night that he shot President Lincoln. "Our American Cousin" was the piece played that night.

DAILY, Brooklyn.—It was in a match four-oared race between Renforth's Tyne crew and the Paris crew, on the Kenebeccasis River, N. B., Aug. 23, 1871, that Renforth was stricken with the illness which caused his death shortly after being removed from his boat.

NO SIGNATURE, Salem.—"Is the following play in cribbage correct: A plays a 3, B a 5, A a 2, B a 3, A a 5, and pegs 4; A a 3, and pegs 4; B a 6, and pegs 5. Cannot A play a 5 and peg 5? Also, cannot B play an ace and peg 6 holes?" ..... Yes, to all your questions.

T. T., Boston.—No player running a base can be "forced" to leave a base unless by the act of the batsman in hitting a fair ball. A base is occupied—that is, the base-runner has a right to hold it until he touches the next base in the order of running.

A READER, Cleveland.—Her name is correctly spelled Lehmann. It is pronounced "Lay-man." It is pronounced Lady; the j has been dropped, and her names is pronounced Tish-ens.

SUBSCRIBER, Indianapolis.—It is a professional team, of course, as all nines whose players are in any way compensated for their services by "money, place or emolument."

W. H. O. M.—A loses. Joel Parker was not nominated for the Presidency. He was merely a candidate for nomination. The common acceptation of the word "nomination," as used in this connection, must govern.

MISS E. A.—Well, dear, we quite agree with you. Try a shorter poem—two or three verses—and take more pains. What you have sent us is quite fair for a beginning, but we cannot be satisfied that you can do better.

ENQUIRER, La Salle.—If you wish to speak French, you need a French pronouncing dictionary. If you wish either to write or to speak English, it is the worst possible taste to bring in foreign words or phrases.

C. C. I., Charles City.—The bets are to be decided by the score of 9 to 0. If he knew nothing about the umpire, the captain of the C. Club had no business to accept him for that office.

WEEKS.—The yacht Madeline has been named as the antagonist of the Canadian schooner Countess of Dufferin, in the contests in prison Feb. 22, 1876.

ALCONCUIN, Chicago.—The Democrats nominated George B. McClellan for the Presidency on Sept. 1, 1864, in Chicago.

F. A., Harlem.—If we remember correctly, it was admitted owing to its length; we shall look it up, however, and if it can be pruned we may give it a place.

G. B., English Neighborhood.—George Victor Towsley, who murdered Miss Goodman in England, committed suicide in prison Feb. 22, 1868.

T. P., Wilmington.—The Lone Star Society was organized in the South, in 1848. Its object, first of all, was to annex Cuba and the Sandwich Islands to the United States.

SUBSCRIBER, Bridge House.—Take your choice, pitch or toss the ball to any base, provided he does not make a "balk" in so doing.

W. W., Baltimore.—The game belongs to B, who tied the dealer.

MISS M. D., Pittsburg.—No answers by mail. Dan Rice's Circus "burst up" in Kentucky recently.

E. T. H.—1. To answer any question concerning that "challenge," or the farce of a "match" that followed it, would be trifling with our space. It is sufficiently significant that neither the one nor the other has ever, until now, been even alluded to in this paper. 2. The late George Brown repeatedly challedged Joe Sadler, but never before they rowed together in the international regatta at Halifax, N. S., Sept. 1, 1871.

J. M., Montreal.—1. McMullin is in Philadelphia. 2. Leonard plays at second base now. 3. The swelling of the hands is the result of inflammation, and the latter arises from impurity of the blood generally, except where the swelling is from accidental injury. 3. Better diet, the adoption of total abstinence, and the wearing of gloves will help you.

MCCORMICK, Syracuse.—"Men on second and third bases. The man on third leads off, and while he is off the base the man on second runs to third. Who is entitled to the third base?" ..... The player who left third is entitled to third until he touches home-base.

A. L. N. B., Wakefield.—Mrs. James Fisk Jr. was the proprietor of the Fifth-avenue Theatre, in Twenty-fourth street, this city, from the time of her husband's death, Jan. 7, 1872, until its destruction by fire on Jan. 1, 1873.

J. J. H., Iowa City.—1. No; Louise Hawthorne was to have left Chicago on the morning of her death to join her husband in this city. 2. C. W. Tayleure is not related to either Mr. or Mrs. Chanfrau.

PALEMIC, Republic.—1. A player overrunning first base is not obliged to return and touch the base, unless he wishes to avoid being put out. 2. B is the first striker. The rule is as in Case A, 5, C.

READER, Mount Cisco.—Avoid giving the dog a flesh diet, and he will not be subject to the fits. If they continue, give an enema of 1 or 2 drachms of sulphuric ether, 2 scruples of laudanum, and 1½ ounces of cold water.

J. L. R., Reading.—The credentials should never be used in any other town than the one for which they are issued.

J. H. C., Lyons.—1. Double-clog dancers receive from $40 per week upward, according to their merit and reputation. 2. We cannot say.

E. A. G., Dubuque.—1. The American Literary Bureau, Cooper Institute, this city, and Redpath's Lyceum Bureau, Bromfield street, Boston, Mass. 2. We will answer next week.

CANADA SOUTHERN, Hawtrey.—We know nothing about the trade, and therefore cannot give you the information desired.

OLD READER, Oshkosh.—In 1872 Leonard threw a ball in a match at throwing, at the Union Grounds, Brooklyn, 119 yds. 1ft. 10in.

R. F. S., Columbia.—Only one ball is required to be furnished in a match game, unless the ball is lost or injured, the ball played with being the trophy.

W. B., Boston.—He does not belong to that family. That name was assumed for stage purposes. She is a native of South Carolina.

COUNTRY, Chester.—The "Hoboken Clipper" (Edward Carroll) died some months ago. He never fought a regular prize battle, but was engaged in numerous turns-up.

M. K. P., Chicago.—If the inning on which the bet was laid was not played out, the bet is a draw.

L. A. C., Southbridge.—At cassino the cards count for three, and spades for one.

W. S., Phila.—Henry Ward Beecher's salary for one year was $100,000.

J. S., Louisville.—A wins. A score of 3 to 0 will win a match of nine hits, or a three-to-one bet.

ROB, Denver.—Address *The Railroad Gazette*, New York or Chicago.

C. P. B., Annapolis.—The census of 1870 gives the population of Georgetown, D. C., as 11,385.

J. B.—The Astor Library, this city, was opened Jan. 9, 1854.

W. J. P., Barton.—We cannot undertake to recommend anyone in that line of business.

OLD READER, Cleveland.—The book is out of print, and not likely to be published again.

TIP, Trenton.—As Rutherford B. Hayes has not been in Congress since 1867, he had no chance to accept back pay.

CLIPPER READER, Chicago.—B wins. The names are different.

PEABODY, Baltimore.—1. Your nine is about as strong a one as you could select. 2. We do not know.

J. K., Rockland.—Capt. Mayne Reid wrote the most elaborate treatise on croquet.

HALNEMO, Chicago.—1. You would not be too old to commence then. 2. We know of nothing.

INQUIRER.—Homer Lane is now in Virginia City, Nevada.

G. A.—Mike McCoole is alive and engaged in business at St. Louis, Mo.

JOHN E. WALSH.—We have not heard of the death of Patsy Foy the pugilist.

DECLINED.—"The Colored Cully," "Little Blanche White."

H. J. R., Bridgeport.—The play of "The Man o' Airlie" is a MS., and not for sale.

NO SIGNATURE, Waterloo.—Maggie Mitchell was born in this city.

C. W. M., Phila.—See THE CLIPPER ALMANAC, price fifteen cents.

H. H., Chicago.—Bets stand, and are decided by the score, if five innings were played.

W. H. H., Fort Shaw.—DAN P. Howard is still performing with Howorth's Museum in Atlanta, Ga.

E. J. M., Milwaukee.—John A. Thompson died in Chicago, Ill., Feb. 4, 1876.

FOOT-RACER, Cincinnati.—The bet is governed by the referee's decision.

MRS. D. A. G., Natchitoches.—No answer by mail. See dramatic summary of this issue.

E. P. S., Dubois.—It is good enough to appear, just as it is—probably next issue.

POKER, Jackson.—B wins. His hand shows for itself, no matter what the other hands may be.

S. O. C., Cleveland.—Write to Ed. James, as per his advertisement in our sporting columns.

T. C., Corry.—Samuel J. Tilden's excess over John A. Dix, in the vote for votes.

C. P. R., Warrenton.—See the route in our circus department.

G. L., Atlanta.—See answer to "Clipper Reader" near head of column.

THREE SUBSCRIBERS, Boston.—That man loses who was low, of course.

E. C.—The admission to all games, except the League-club contests, on the Union Grounds is 25 cents.

BARNEY, Chicago.—The Chicago nine defeated the St. Louis nine by 10 runs to 9, on May 22, 1875, by 9 to 0.

KNIGHT TEMPLAR, Foxboro.—See THE CLIPPER ALMANAC.

O. F. S., Winona.—Thank you, but we do not require it.

T. H. D., Fairbury.—Sam Rhinehart is still living.

SUB. C., Penn.—See CLIPPER ALMANAC for 1876.

J. A. D., Norwich.—The dealer loses his deal.

D. K. P., St. Louis.—One dollar and five cents.

G. M. Rutland.—The bet stands. B wins.

W. B. P.—They are a little out of date.

TURF.—Lula's best record is 2:15.

J. S. M. D.—It is not a bevel.

To "Our Boys," Independence Day, 1876.

Explode the loudest "crackers," boys, and load your largest gun—
A hundred Independence days are crowded into one;
What though your little sister shrieks, she doesn't know the day—
Besides, "she's nuthin' but a girl;" so aim and blaze away.
Fling out your banners to the breeze, with patriotism yell;
If anyone objects to it, why, fling *him* out as well;
Send rockets whizzing through the air, burn powder by the box,
And drive the nervous people wild with unexpected shocks.
Eat everything that you can find—when appetite is o'er,
Just run around a little bit and amble back for more;
And then, the nation's birthday done, the height of bliss it seems
To drag torpedoes into bed, and snap them in your dreams!

PATRONS OF HUSBANDRY.—The Centennial encampment at Elm Station, three miles west of the Exposition buildings, Philadelphia, was opened to the public on Saturday, July 1, when a complimentary dinner and hop were given. This encampment, or Summer hotel, contains over twelve hundred rooms, with accommodations for from 3,000 to 4,000 persons. Trains run every half hour to the Exposition grounds, and every accommodation is insured the guest. Room, with double-bed, one dollar per day; meals, fifty cents each. This is a combination of city and country enjoyment at reasonable prices.

WE HAVE BEEN informed that the news-agent in the Continental Hotel, Philadelphia, charges fifteen cents per copy for THE CLIPPER. This is contrary to our schedule of prices, ten cents per copy being the regular charge in that city. Our friends can get THE CLIPPER at any of the Philadelphia news-stands for ten cents. Those who are charged fifteen cents are wronged just five cents per copy, and they have the remedy in their own hands.

TILDEN is the other. Now, we don't wish to injure this nominee, but a man who is *said* to disbelieve in the Old Testament is not the proper kind of individual to hold the rudder of our ship of state. We have also heard it intimated that he blacks his his own boots. Now, if this is correct, it is a direct blow at our home industries, and at the very vitals of the bootblacks. Mr. Tilden must publicly deny these charges, or "pull down his vest." More anon.

AND NOW that the leaders of the two political parties have been selected, there is nothing to prevent the commencement of hostilities at once, and we shall soon be enabled to form an opinion concerning the felonious eccentricities of the opposing Presidential candidates, and to decide which of the twain is the bigger rogue. With pain we await the awful disclosures.

NOW, THIS is good news—on Tuesday of last week the House of Representatives in Washington passed a bill providing that every person who has lost a limb in the service of the United States shall receive an artificial limb every five years! In other words, while still compelling the maimed ones to bear *arms*, it gives them a handsome *leg-ics*.

Rhymes in Season.

Astronomers were useful men
In "seventy-six's" days of glory,
For from their towers a Union spy
Could readily *observe a Tory!*

"A HUNDRED YEARS' SUBSCRIBER" to THE CLIPPER wishes to ascertain why Irish sea-captains have such a liking for *Cork's crews*. Because, we presume, they find them useful in *caulking!* "Our Jim" suggests that they are *more* useful in uncorking!

PATRIOTISM is commendable, especially during this Centennial term; but it is hardly the fair thing to serenade the inmates of a blind asylum with "The Star-spangled Banner," and aggravate them with "*Oh, say, can you see!*"

GEORGE WASHINGTON, Esq., would be greatly pleased with the manner in which we are celebrating "the day we celebrate," could he emerge from his involuntary retirement, and "see how the old thing works!"

STUMP-ORATORS chosen to read the Declaration of Independence, on the Fourth of July, should be certain that it *is* the Declaration they are reading, and *not* the Constitution of the United States!

THERE is a quartz mill in operation at the Centennial Exposition. We intended to say something funny just here, but a small boy's large cracker has knocked all the fun out of us.

IN THESE 4TH-OF-JULY TIMES men who ride in our city cabs are often terribly *hacked!* Jim says those who take passage in our street-railroad cars are terribly packed, too.

THE MAN out West who said he'd sooner see the circus than the Centennial is to have a glass case built around him, and then sent to Fairmount Park for exhibition.

THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT has done us another good turn by releasing Gray, the American forger. This is a good way to get rid of our criminal classes.

SOMEBODY thinks Senator Jones' fortune *incomparable;* but Jim says that the story of his having ten dollars a minute is probably an *income parable!*

THE FOURTH.

Always glorious, but made still more glorious by the hundredth anniversary of the nation's birth, the Fourth of July, 1876, will be celebrated with more than usual zest and patriotic fervor in every part of Uncle Sam's domain. It may be truly said that with Saturday, July 1, commenced the celebration of our country's natal day, for, with the cessation of business on the 1st, the laborer, the mechanic, the clerk, the banker, the broker, and all other conditions and classes of our people, laid by the implements of trade and refrained from further labor until Wednesday, July 5, by which time our pent-up feelings will have found ample vent, and the commencement of a second century will have been inaugurated by our iron-handed sons of toil and by the clear-headed advice and counsel of our statesmen and other mental workers in the fructifying vineyard of the Union. As we write, we hear the sweet rattle of the drum and the side-splitting notes of the fife as they marshal along some civic society or military organization on its way to the Centennial City. And anon is borne upon the breeze the thunders of the cannon that announce the arrival of a vessel-of-war which comes to join in the general jubilee. The crack of the Chinese fire-cracker and the sharp snap of the many-throated revolver give dreadful note of what we may expect on the eve of the "Glorious Fourth," and on the day when the bells shall announce that we have attained to years of maturity "by a large majority!"

It was a wise precaution, and he was a shrewd patriot who suggested it, that determined the people of the great metropolis to hang upon the nearest sour apple-tree the traitor who sought to get up a corner in crackers and powder. That he suddenly left these parts for Canada showed that he was not entirely dead to reason and the soothing influences of hemp. And what shall we say of the double-dyed villain who endeavored to induce our City Fathers to pass a law against the sale and purchase of fireworks in this city? That he well merited the fate which overtook him as he was crossing a railroad track cannot be gainsaid. When we state that he was an insurance agent, without a particle of 4th-of-July in his composition, the reader may well understand the dreadful character of the degraded vampyre. Neither have we any pity for that old lady who was trodden to death by an infuriated mob because she hoped New York City would be burnt to ashes should the setting-off of fireworks be permitted. What her feelings must have been can be well understood when we say that enough of her remains couldn't be found for the jury to sit on. Such are a *few* of the fearful results of treason to our country and her institutions.

But enough of such soul-harrowing recitals. The nation's birthday will call forth forty millions of freemen to participate in the general joy and festivities of the occasion. The booming of cannon will be heard throughout the entire continent, probably; while the echoes of the same shall reverberate to the outermost parts of the civilized world.

O who would be a despot knave?
Who would be a traitor slave?
Land of free and home of brave,
Thine shall be the guerdon.

A hundred years! What rascality has been developed in that time, in addition to the other resources of the country! But let that pass; let other themes engage our pen, and virtue be our motto. One hundred years ago there was no Centennial Exhibition in Fairmount Park, there was no New Court-house in New York City, and no law-defying whiskey-distillers in St. Louis and Chicago. And Fourth-of-July had only just commenced. One hundred years ago baseball was in its infancy, "Chad." was in his infancy, and Polo was unknown! Now what are they? Baseball governs the whole country, while the "father of the game" blesses his children as they spread from pole to pole; and Polo rides on the crest of the populous billow. Who heard of lager-beer one hundred years ago? Not a soul responds to this civil question. Because *it was not!* Who of all these living men can call to mind the incident—trivial in itself, but wielding an immense influence in the history of the nation—of George Washington and his hatchet? And yet see what a hold it possesses on the souls of humanity, and behold how it kindles the fires anew on the altars of our sires. If we have made such swift progress in the hundred years which end at dinner-time on the Fourth of July, what may we *not* look for in the century to come? Charley Ross will no doubt be fully developed, Hon. Wm. M. Tweed will have blossomed, the imprisoned whiskey-contrivers will have bloomed in a superior flower-pot, and baseball will have taken root and flourished among all the nations of the earth! But let us not anticipate *too* much. Sufficient unto the day is the glory thereof; and while we give thanks that we have been permitted to live out our hundred years, let us continue to live so that our lives may be a bright and shining example for the millions of freemen that sleep within the womb of time. To the dear Centennial reader we may be permitted to say, as we should say to an old horse:

You shall range in fragrant meadows
To have a royal time,
And live in this *prime pasture*
Because you've *passed your prime!*

A MAN who took another man's time by the forelock is serving out three years of his time in Sing Sing. So the way of the transgressor *is* hard!

NIBLO'S GARDEN is *now* threatened to be reopened in August with a grand spectacle. The critics exclaim: "That will be *gorge-us!*"

NO, JAMES; Manton Marble is *not dead*, although he has *left The World!*

ALAS!—Even if Blaine recovers his health, he cannot be *Cald-well!*

NEWS OF THE WEEK BOILED DOWN.

☞ On June 26: Dispatches from abroad were to the effect that six miners were killed by an explosion in a colliery at Sheffield, Eng.; that no scheme for the benefit of holders of Turkish bonds exists, and the Government has no need to raise funds, being well supplied from the late Sultan's treasure; and that at a meeting of Durham, Eng., colliers it was decided, by a vote of 20,000 to 16,000, to accept the arbitration proposed by the Colliery Proprietors' Association.....It was stated that on the 25th, as two young girls named Massen were crossing a field near Darsville, Va., roaming at will on the Sabbath, a thunder bolt from an almost cloudless sky killed one outright and rendered the other insensible..... James Goodall of West Quincy, Mass., and William Woodbury of Gloucester were killed by lightning..... Mrs. Margaret Sasse, aged 58, committed suicide in this city by cutting her throat. .....James Corbett died in Brooklyn, N. Y., from injuries supposed to have been inflicted on Mr. T. Barnard and Henry Sweeney..... Crown Prince Oscar of Sweden and Norway arrived in New York.....John Dougherty, employed by the Hudson River Ice Company, was killed by falling from a railroad baggage-car near Jamaica, L. I.....William H. Howard, colored, while alighting from a freight car in this city, fell and had both legs cut off, the injuries proving fatal.....Patrick Burke, aged 26, was arrested at Boston Corners, N. Y., for criminally assaulting an adopted child, aged 14, committed suicide by taking poison..... Rev. Ben Murphy, a well-known preacher in Jamaica City, Wy. Ter., by Henry Lawrie, whose sister he had married and deserted.

☞ June 27: The National Democratic Convention assembled in St. Louis..... Gen. John A. McClernand of Illinois being chosen permanent president..... European dispatches announced that William R. Gray, the New York forger, was released from custody in London, Eng.; that all Montenegrins between the ages of 17 and 60 have been summoned to arms; that the Serbian committee in Paris, France, were engaged in purchasing arms and enrolling volunteers; and that on June 12, 1822, in the age of 17, a manifesto proclaiming Milan King of Bosnia; that a manifesto from the Herzegovinians recognizes Prince Nicholas as their chosen leader in the present campaign; and that England has not, directly or indirectly, supplied arms or money to the Turks in Herzegovina..... William Hasser shot his wife and then committed suicide, in Providence, R. I..... News was received that on the 26th a horse-thief named Allen shot and killed Marshal J. H. Mitchell and mortally wounded J. C. Turner, in Jackson county, Texas..... In the year 1831 a work, "Traditions of Palestine," appeared from her pen. In 1834 she visited the United States, where she had already won numerous friends by her writings. Her stay here resulted in a work under the title of "Society in America," which was published in 1837. "A Retrospect of Western Travel" followed in 1838. In 1839 her first novel, "Deerbrook," was published. This is regarded as her most popular work..... "The Hour and the Man," having for its hero Toussant l'Ouverture, followed in 1850, and ran through three editions. Before the work was complete her health became greatly impaired, and, after writing a series of tales for children, she was forced to retire from any active pursuit of work. Her illness continued from 1850 to 1844..... "The Martineau" was published in 1843..... "Forest and Game-law Tales" was the next work after her long illness. In 1846 she made a visit to the East, and her experiences in that expedition are described in a work in which her impressions are recorded of "Eastern Life, Past and Present." Philosophical research also occupied her mind, as a volume of "Letters" exchanged between herself and her friend Mr. H. G. Atkinson, a philosophical student, "On the Laws of Man's Nature and Development," will attest. She also published in 1853 a condensed version of Compte's "Positive Philosophy." She contributed to *The People's Journal*, *Once a Week* and other periodicals..... Ambleside, Westmoreland County, Eng., June 27, aged 74.

MURRAY, Robert—Prominent in this city during the administration of President Lincoln, and active in politics before that time, was born in the Seventh Ward, His parents were poor, and he had a hard struggle when a boy. In 1840 he was identified with local Whig politics, and afterwards with the Republican party, winning the friendship of Wm. H. Seward and Thurlow Weed. In 1856 he was associated with the late Police-superintendent Kennedy in the management of Castle Garden, and in that capacity he made himself a terror to the emigrant-runners. He was sent by the Commissioners of Emigration on a mission to Great Britain and Germany to prevent the immigration of paupers and criminals. In 1861 he was appointed Harbor-master by Gov. Morgan, and a few months afterwards he was made United States Marshal by President Lincoln —excepting Captain Rynders. He retained the position until 1869. As Marshal, he was instrumental in the seizure of many blockade-runners, and also sent about twenty persons to Fort Lafayette on suspicion of being enemies of the Government. He aided in the extradition of Arguilles, a noted Cuban, for which Queen Isabella of Spain gave him a five-thousand-dollar ring. During his marshalship he superintended the hanging of Captain Gordon the slaver, and of John Cobb Kennedy the incendiary. He attempted to burn New York, and who was hanged in Fort Lafayette—this city, June 29, aged 62.

MORTON, Mrs. George—Wife of the actor of that name. She was known on the stage as Miss Louise Hawthorne. (See Drama.) Killed by falling from the second-story window of the Fremont House, Chicago, June 25.

NIVER, Dr. James—A leading physician of Ancram, Columbia County, N. Y. Of apoplexy, falling dead from his carriage, Ancram, June 26.

RICHARDS, Alfred Bates—Author and playwright, his best-remembered effort in the latter direction being the tragedy of "Croesus." For some years he was colonel of the Workingman's Corps of the City of London Volunteers. In 1870 he was appointed editor of *The London Morning Advertiser*—London, Eng., about June 6.

ROGERS, Capt. William—Of sailors' Snug Harbor, Staten Island, N. Y., June 25, aged 79.

REID, Caroline H.—Eldest niece of Whitelaw Reid, editor of *The Tribune* of this city—here, June 29.

RAU, Dr. F. C.—West Hoboken, N. J., June 30.

ROBBINS, Dr. Edward W.—Suddenly—New Brunswick, N. J., June 30, aged 40.

STANHOPE, Lady Mary Catherine, Countess of Beauvamp—Only daughter of Philip Henry, fifth Earl of Stanhope. She was married to the Earl of Beauvamp on Feb. 18, 1826—London, Eng., June 30.

Julia Kline, aged 16, of this city, was fatally burned by her clothes taking fire from fire-crackers.....James Dolan, alias O'Brien, a bootblack, aged 18, was stabbed to death in this city in a fight by a boy known as "Rocks," who escaped..... Losses by fire: the business portion of Phillipsburg, Pa.—loss over $150,000, nearly covered by insurance. Hackers & Watson's Bleaching and Dye Works at Swansey, Mass.—loss $20,000, insurance $5,000 ..... The director of *Le Peuple de l'Avenir* (Paris newspaper) were fined $1,000 each for publishing Rochefort's articles.....After an investigation before the magistrates at London, Eng., Captain Stoddart was committed for trial on the charge of attempting to scuttle the British bark Skerryvore.

☞ July 1: Allen the horsethief and murderer was hanged by a mob at Barboursville, W. Va.....Orson A. M. House the divorce lawyer was shot and instantly killed by his wife during a quarrel between them, near Lawrence Station, on the Pennsylvania Railroad, N. J.....Michael Donovan, a prisoner, jumped from a train near Wellesley, Mass., July 1, sustaining fatal injuries.....Cable dispatches stated that Serbia had proclaimed war against Turkey, Prince Milan saying in his proclamation that Turkey had provoked war by not satisfying Bosnia and by threatening Servia, and that he entered Bosnia in the cause of humanity and nationality and to re-establish peace without offending Turkey's integrity; that Montenegro and Greece will remain perfectly neutral; that diplomatic relations between Turkey and Serbia had been broken off, and that the Serbians had crossed the frontier and fired upon the Turks, and that Count Von Arnim was closely watching by Prussian detectives at Carlsbad.....Daniel Dicky was killed in the Bergen, N. J., Tunnel by being struck with a fragment of rock.....Alfred Howard was killed on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

DEATH'S DOINGS.

Weekly Record of the Decease of Prominent Individuals.

COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

AUCHINCLOSS, John—Senior member of the firm of John & Hugh Auchincloss, of No. 47 White street, and one of the oldest drygoods merchants in this city. He was a native of Paisley, Scotland, and the firm was started here in 1805. He had for many years been a prominent member of the Fifth-avenue Presbyterian Church and was a trustee of the Equitable Life-insurance Company and a director of the Mercantile Bank. Sudden death, while on a fishing excursion to Lower Canada—Quebec, June 26, aged 65.

ANDREWS, Edmund C.—A prominent drygoods merchant in Dover, N. H.—there, June 26.

BANKS, Mrs. Mary Ann—Had for forty-five years resided in the family of Samuel T. Skidmore of this city—here, June 25, aged 100yrs. 2mos. 8d.

ROCKWELL, Mrs. Sarah W.—Mother of Rev. J. E. Rockwell, D. D.—Stapleton, Staten Island, N. Y., June 27, aged 87.

SOUTH, William Chatfield—Connected with the Customhouse of this port—Brooklyn, N. Y., June 24, aged 75.

BABCOCK, Charles A.—Commander in the U. S. Navy, his vessel being the Canonicus. He was a native of New York, but was appointed from Michigan, of which State he had become a resident. His connection with the navy dated from April 8, 1863, and his last commission was issued Oct. 28, 1869—New Orleans, June 29.

CUMMINS, Right Rev. George David, D. D.—Presiding Bishop of the Reformed Episcopal Church. Born at Smyrna, Del., Dec. 11, 1822. After graduating with honor at Dickinson College he became a preacher in the Methodist Church. In 1845 he joined the Episcopal Church, and was ordained by Bishop Lee, of Delaware. In 1847 he became a presbyter. Between 1847 and 1866 he had charge consecutively of Christ Church, Norfolk; St. James' Church, Richmond; Trinity Church, Washington; St. Peter's Church, Baltimore; and Trinity Church, Chicago. In 1868 he was elected assistant bishop of Kentucky. Nov. 10, 1873, he addressed a letter to Bishop Smith announcing his intention of withdrawing from the Episcopal Church. On Dec. 2, 1873, in response to a call issued by him, there was a meeting held in New York, which constituted the first council of the Reformed Episcopal Church. In less than three years the church which he founded has extended into nearly every State, and in Baltimore alone comprises three congregations. Bishop Cummins, while a resident in Baltimore, was also assistant pastor of old Christ Church, Gay and Fayette streets, the Rev. N. V. D. Johns then (1846) being the rector. Wherever he went, such congregations followed him as overcrowded the capacity of his churches. While rector of Trinity Church, Washington, his congregation was composed of the representative talent of the nation. On taking charge of St. Peter's, Baltimore, he found the church languishing, its pews vacated, its congregation scattered, its spirit broken, and in one year or less it rose to a condition of prosperity and strength almost beyond precedent. His present connection with the reform movement in the Protestant Episcopal Church is well known. He last preached on Sunday, June 18, in the Bethany Independent Methodist Church, Baltimore. His death was sudden and unexpected, and his last words, when asked if he had anything to say, were: "Tell my people to go forward"—Lutherville, Baltimore County, Md., June 26.

DATMAN, John—One of the oldest cotton manufacturers in Paterson, N. J.—there, June 28.

GARRICK, Nathan Parker—Great-great-nephew of Garrick the tragedian.....He had followed no profession, living upon his means—London, Eng., about June 7, aged 67.

GRIFFING, Absalom S.—An old and esteemed resident of Shelter Island, Long Island Sound, particularly Insane—Shelter Island, Long Island Sound, June 27.

THE IRISH RIFLEMEN.

The following are the four riflemen who were "nominated" by Major Leech to compete on the grounds at Wicklow, Ireland, with the ten who have been selected through the preliminary practice shooting at Dundalk for places in the Centennial team for America: Lieutenant George Fenton, musketry instructor of the Seventy-seventh Regiment of Infantry; John Rigby, James B. Pollock and Lieutenant Birch of the Leeds Rifle Volunteer Corps. Mr. Fenton made 569, the highest score made during the three days' shooting at Wicklow, closing June 29. He has, therefore, been declared champion of Ireland and winner of the American Challenge Cup. The following made the highest scores at the final competition, of two days' duration, for the Centennial team:

William Rigby	428	Goff	390
Fenton	427	John Rigby	390
Fallon	423	Armstrong	390
Johnstone	420	Greenhill	389
Smyth	417	Banks	389
Milner	406	Dyas	367
Wilson	405	McKenna	362
Cooper	402	Thynne	379
Joyce	402	Birch	369

John Rigby won the ten-guinea cup presented by Smith for the best score at 1,000 yards.

CRICKET.

MANHATTAN vs. PATERSON.

The old Manhattan Cricket Club of this city has gone through many vicissitudes of fortune, but this season they seem to have landed on their feet, with the promise of having at last placed their club on a permanent foundation. They now have at command a club-room at Prospect Park and a cricket field, too, the latter of which is not surpassed in this country. With such a basis to build upon, it should not take the club officials long to have a strong team of cricketers at command to uphold the old banner of the organization. The Manhattans have commenced the Centennial year under the most favorable auspices, and the prospect is that the season of 1876 will be the most brilliant known in the history of the club. It is to be hoped that the club will repudiate the "revolving" principle as much as possible, and strive to present in the field elevens which may be regarded as regular club matches.

On June 28 the Manhattans played their first match this season with the Paterson Club, and they inaugurated their first regular club match at their new field with a signal victory, as the appended score shows. The weather was extremely warm on the occasion, the thermometer ranging in the nineties; but the cricketers did not mind this, especially as a good breeze prevailed. Charley Hunt, the superintendent of the Park ball-grounds, prepared an excellent wicket for the match, and, as the Manhattans had out a strong team, a good display of cricket was anticipated, and as far as the Manhattans were concerned the expectations were realized. The Paterson Club, however, failed to present their full strength, being weak in the bowling, and the result was an easy victory for the New Yorkers. The Manhattans went to the bat first, and after Messrs. Cammell, Higginson, Hosford and Jenkins had broken down the bowling—the fourth wicket falling for 147—the others went in and punished it with ease, the last wicket not falling until 147 runs had been scored. Of this number Hosford's 30, Ronaldson's 30, McDougal's 22, Makin's 17, and Jenkins' 11 were the most noteworthy contributions. The Patersons were not strong in the field, as the number of extras shows, and the bowling fell off considerably after the fall of the third wicket. At the bat they scarcely did anything, the bowling of Roberts and Greig proving very effective, and it was ably supported in the field. In the first innings of the Paterson side only fifteen runs were scored. T. Wardle being the only batsman to show anything like a defense. There were only three extras. Makin doing some excellent long-stopping, while Hooper played sharply at the wicket. This score obliged the Patersons to follow their innings, as they had scored 38 in their second inning, with three wickets only to fall when the time arrived for drawing stumps. The veteran Jimmy Smith captained the Manhattans in good style, and the game was well umpired by Messrs. Brewster and Tilly. At its close the parties adjourned for "shandy-gaff," and finished off with cheers, Paterson returning home by the back door, so as to escape observation. The bowling of Roberts and Greig was very telling, as the score below shows, Furnival leading on the other side, both in bowling and batting.

MANHATTAN.

Cammell b. Bullock	6	McDougal c. F. Wardle b. Furnival	22
Hosford c. Hinchliffe b. Furnival	30	Higginson c. Shackleton b. Hinchliffe	8
Jenkins, run out	11	Smith b. Bullock	0
Makin c. Hinchliffe b. Bullock	17	Ronaldson b. Furnival	30
Total	147		

RUNS SCORED AT THE FALL OF EACH WICKET.

First Inning.... 13 26 62 91 97 141 142 147

PATERSON. Second Inning.

Bullock b. Greig	0	b. Ronaldson	1
Furnival b. Roberts	0	l. b. w. b. Hooper	12
Hayward c. McDougal b. Roberts	0	c. sub. b. Ronaldson	0
Blindhilfe c. Hosford b. Greig	0	b. Hooper	4
T. Wardle b. Greig	9	not out	11
Shackleton b. Roberts	0	b. McDougal	0
Clarkson c. Makin b. Roberts	0	b. Ronaldson	2
Crossley, run out	2	Byes, 2; leg byes, 2; wides, 4	8
Gilbert b. Greig	0		9
Rawson, not out	0		0
Byes, 2; wide, 1	3		
Total	15	Total	38

RUNS SCORED AT THE FALL OF EACH WICKET.

First Inning... 0 0 0 5 9 11 15 15

ANALYSIS OF THE BOWLING.

MANHATTAN—First Inning.

	Balls.	Runs.	Maidens.	Wickets.	Wides.	N.B.
Bullock	126	37	5	3	0	0
Hinchliffe	168	79	7	1	0	0
Furnival	42	21	0	4	0	0

PATERSON—First Inning.

Greig	39	7	3	3	1	0
Roberts	37	5	2	4	0	0

Second Inning.

Ronaldson	58	17	2	3	3	1
Jenkins	18	2	1	0	3	0
Hooper	24	8	1	3	0	0
McDougal	7	2	0	0	0	0

Umpires, Messrs W. Brewster and Tilley.

The Manhattans play the Staten Island eleven at Prospect Park July 12.

ST. GEORGE vs. YOUNG AMERICA AND GERMANTOWN.

The St. George Club sent an eleven to Philadelphia on June 26 to play the Young America and Germantown Clubs a game each, the contest being one day's play only. The result is seen in the scores given below:

ST. GEORGE.—First Inning.

C. W. Bance c. and b. D. Newhall	28	Eyre c. Newhall b. Scutter	47
Moore c. Van Rensellear b. D. Newhall	0	D. Newhall b. Scutter	22
Giles c. D. Newhall b. C. Newhall	0	R. Newhall b. Scutter	0
Mostyn b. D. Newhall	3	John Large, not out	90
J. W. Boddam-Whetham c. C. Newhall b. Clarke	1	H. Newhall b. Scutter	34
Marsh c. Clarke b. D. Newhall	1	C. Newhall, not out	19
Moeran at. Van Rensellear b. D. Newhall	3	B., 6; l. b., 3; n. b., 2	11
Scutter c. C. Newhall b. D. Newhall	0		
Eyre b. D. Newhall	0		
B., 1; l. b., 1; w., 1	3		
Total	56	Total	249

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

YOUNG AMERICA.	Balls.	Runs.	Mdns.	Wides.	Wkts.
D. Newhall	113	29	3	1	3
C. Newhall	66	17	4	0	1
Clarke	42	7	3	0	1
ST. GEORGE.					
Scutter	168	74	6	0	3
Marsh	54	29	1	0	0
Moeran	156	75	6	1	0
Giles	30	16	0	0	0
Bance	54	35	0	0	0
Eyre	24	9	0	0	0

RUNS AT THE FALL OF EACH CRICKET.

St. George	11	32	33	44	45	50	52	55	56	56
Y. America	33	33	107	154	213	240			
Y. America	1st Inning.			GERMANTOWN.—First Inning.					
Bance c. Brown b. R. Hargreaves	6			Jas. Largel b. w. b. Marsh					14
Boddam-Whetham st. Joe b. R. Hargreaves	4			Hoffman b. Marsh					12
Scutter b. R. Hargreaves	2			J. Richardson c. Whetham b. Bance					42
Moore b. R. Hargreaves	0			R. Hargreaves b. Moeran					0
Moeran c. and b. T. Hargreaves	3			T. Hargreaves, not out					37
Marsh b. R. Hargreaves	13			Brewster, not out					0
Scutter b. R. Hargreaves	13								
Mostyn c. and b. Welsh	0								
Gresty c. R. Hargreaves b. Welsh	5								
Sattertwaite b. Welsh	5								
Eyre, not out	0								
B., 1; l. b., 6; w., 3; n. b., 1	11								
Total	76	Total							106

RUNS AT THE FALL OF EACH WICKET.

St. George	9	11	14	30	33	64	65	71	73	76
Germantown	24	29	54	103						

ANALYSIS OF BOWLING.

GERMANTOWN.

	Balls.	Runs.	Mdns.	Wkts.	Wides.	N.B.
T. Hargreaves	72	30	2	0	1	0
R. Hargreaves	96	22	3	4	2	
S. Welsh	30	15	1	3	1	
ST. GEORGE.						
Scutter	60	22	2	0	0	
Moeran	84	25	3	1	0	
Marsh	72	27	4	2	0	
Giles	18	8	0	0	0	
Bance	24	16	0	1	0	

BROOKLYN vs. STATEN ISLAND.

These clubs had a game together on June 28 at Staten Island, which resulted in an easy victory for the Staten Island eleven.

First Inning.	Staten Island.	Second Inning.	
Whitlock c. Ames b. Scott	7	b. Scott	11
Eyre b. Love	14	c. sub. b. Stewart	19
McKean, run out	0	b. Love	10
Sprague, not out	23	b. Love	2
Mott b. Scott	0	b. Stewart	14
Seward c. and b. Love	1	b. Love	0
Osborne c. Stevens b. Scott	5	b. Love	0
Hodges, run out	0	not out	11
McKean c. Love b. Scott	0	st. Scott b. Stewart	0
Preston, absent	0	absent	0
Bayard, absent	0	absent	0
Byes, 1; l. b., 6; w., 6	13	Byes, 4; l. b., 1; w., 2	7
Total	71	Total	77

First Inning.	Brooklyn.	Second Inning.	
Ames c. Whitlock b. Eyre	4	not out	9
Love b. Sprague	4	b. Sprague	9
Gregory c. Sprague b. Eyre	9	c. and b. Whitlock	0
Stewart b. Sprague	0	c. Osborne b. Eyre	10
Scott b. Sprague	8	b. w., b. Eyre	5
Brown b. Sprague	5	b. Sprague	5
Hardcastle c. Eyre b. Whitlock	2	run out	2
Wallis c. Sprague b. Stevens	0	run out	2
Stevens, not out	1	c. McKean b. Whitlock	2
Byes, 9; leg-bye, 1; wides, 2	12	Byes, 9; leg-byes, 2	11
Total	48	Total	63

TORONTO vs. CARLTON.

An easy victory was obtained by the Toronto (Ont.) Cricket Club over the eleven of the Carltons, at Toronto, on Saturday, June 24. They won in a single inning, with thirteen runs to spare:

TORONTO.			
Sproules b. Lang	15	Hector b. Strong	0
Totten c. Greenfield b. Lang	3	Farnham b. Strong	0
Harper b. Boyd	4	Reward c. Strong b. Lang	10
Brock b. Boyd	65	Baines, not out	4
Parsons b. Greenfield	4	Extras	16
Wright b. Lang	0	Total	136
Pickering b. Strong	14		

First Inning.	Carlton.	Second Inning.	
Liddell b. Baines	0	b. Baines	15
Goldie l. b. w. b. Wright	7	b. Brock	2
Stotesbury b. Wright	1	b. Brock	2
Lang b. Wright	1	b. Baines	9
Greenfield b. Wright	0	not out	7
Meagher c. Brock b. Wright	0	b. Baines	0
Strong c. Sproule b. Harper	5	l. b. w. b. Brock	0
Stewart c. Totten b. Harper	0	b. Brock	0
Boyd c. Harper b. Wright	1	b. Brock	3
Coen c. Farnham b. Wright	0	b. Wright	0
Dobbs, not out	1	run out	0
Extras	0	Extras	2
Total	76	Total	106

BROOKLYN vs. STATEN ISLAND.

The Athletics, who have made the best average of runs and nearly the best on base-hits, are next to the last on the list in won games, while the two nines having the best fielding record head the list. This fact speaks loudly in favor of the principle that it is fielding which wins in the long run.

THE JUNE RECORD.

The following is the June record of the League pennant series of contests:

June 1, Mutual vs. Louisville, at Brooklyn..... 5 to 1
June 1, Cincinnati vs. Hartford, at Hartford..... 3
June 1, Chicago vs. Boston, at Boston..... 9
June 1, St. Louis vs. Athletic, at Philadelphia.. 17
June 3, Hartford vs. Cincinnati, at Hartford..... 7
June 3, Chicago vs. Boston, at Boston..... 8
June 3, Louisville vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn..... 8
June 3, St. Louis vs. Athletic, at Philadelphia.. 16
June 5, Hartford vs. Cincinnati, at Brooklyn..... 2
June 6, Louisville vs. Boston, at Boston..... 3
June 6, Chicago vs. Athletic, at Philadelphia..... 7
June 6, Hartford vs. St. Louis, at Hartford..... 3
June 8, Louisville vs. Boston, at Boston..... 6
June 8, Hartford vs. St. Louis, at Hartford..... 6
June 8, Chicago vs. Cincinnati, at Brooklyn..... 3
June 9, Mutual vs. Cincinnati, at Brooklyn..... 21
June 10, Mutual vs. Cincinnati, at Brooklyn (10 inn.) 1
June 10, Louisville vs. Boston, at Boston..... 6
June 10, Hartford vs. St. Louis, at Hartford (7 inn.) 7
June 10, Chicago vs. Athletic, at Philadelphia..... 14
June 13, Hartford vs. Louisville, at Hartford..... 4
June 13, Chicago vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn..... 5
June 14, Athletic vs. Cincinnati, at Philadelphia.. 20
June 14, St. Louis vs. Boston, at Boston..... 20
June 15, Hartford vs. Louisville, at Hartford..... 6
June 15, Mutual vs. Chicago, at Brooklyn..... 6
June 15, Boston vs. St. Louis, at Boston..... 10
June 15, Athletic vs. Cincinnati, at Philadelphia.. 11
June 16, Mutual vs. Chicago, at Brooklyn..... 10
June 17, Hartford vs. Louisville, at Hartford..... 12
June 17, St. Louis vs. Boston, at Boston..... 13
June 17, Athletic vs. Cincinnati, at Philadelphia.. 23
June 20, St. Louis vs. Athletic, at St. Louis..... 4
June 20, Chicago vs. Mutual, at Chicago..... 7
June 20, Boston vs. Cincinnati, at Cincinnati..... 14
June 21, Louisville vs. Hartford, at Louisville (13 innings)..... 5
June 22, Chicago vs. Mutual, at Chicago..... 6
June 22, St. Louis vs. Athletic, at St. Louis..... 5
June 22, Hartford vs. Louisville, at Louisville..... 3
June 22, Boston vs. Cincinnati, at Cincinnati..... 8
June 24, Chicago vs. Mutual, at Chicago..... 16
June 24, St. Louis vs. Athletic, at St. Louis..... 8
June 24, Boston vs. Cincinnati, at Cincinnati..... 7
June 24, Louisville vs. Hartford, at Louisville..... 2
June 26, Hartford vs. Louisville, at Louisville..... 3
June 27, Athletic vs. Chicago, at Chicago..... 14
June 27, Boston vs. Cincinnati, at Cincinnati..... 5
June 27, Hartford vs. Cincinnati, at Cincinnati.... 3
June 27, St. Louis vs. Mutual, at St. Louis..... 8

Average of winning nines..... 8.21-49
Average of losing nines..... 3.25-49

RHODE ISLAND CLUB GAMES.

By the scores underneath it will be observed that the leading amateur club of Providence, R. I., was in luck during the week which closed on June 30. The first and second games were played at Providence, the third at Lowell, Mass., 30; and the fifth at Providence, July 1:

Rhode Island.	R.	Ib.	P.O.	A.	E.	Lowell.	R.	Ib.	P.O.	A.	E.
Brady, 2d b.....	1	1	2	1	0	Cogswell, 1st b	0	0	8	0	1
Barry, c.....	1	2	2	0	0	Woodhead, 2 b	0	1	5	2	0
Burns, 3d b.....	1	1	2	1	0	Toner, c. f.....	0	0	2	0	0
Shandley, l. f...	0	1	0	0	0	Say, s. s.....	1	2	1	4	0
Hanlon, r. f.....	0	1	1	0	0	Foley, p.....	1	2	1	4	0
Tobin, 1st b.....	0	2	14	0	1	Sullivan, 3d b.	1	0	3	2	0
Turbidy, s. s....	1	1	0	5	0	Macullar, l. f...	0	2	4	0	0
Kessler, c.....	0	0	7	0	0	Blogg, c.....	0	0	7	0	0
Critchley, p.....	0	0	1	6	0	Firth, r. f.....	0	0	1	0	0
Totals.....	4	11	30	13	9	Totals.....	3	6	30	15	8

Rhode Island	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	2	1—4
Lowell	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	0	0—3

Passed balls—Keenan, 2. Earned runs—Lowell, 1. Rhode Island, 1. Total bases—Rhode Island, 12; Lowell, 7. Umpire, Walter Nichols. Time, 2h. 25m.

Rhode Island.	R.	Ib.	P.O.	A.	E.	Atlantic.	R.	Ib.	P.O.	A.	E.
Barnes, 2d b...	7	3	4	2	4	Murray, 2d b.	1	0	5	0	0
Burns, 3d b., c.	2	3	1	0	7	Flynn, c., r. f.	0	0	2	2	7
Tobin, 1st b., c.	0	0	6	2	1	W. Trimble, l. f.	1	1	0	0	0
Shandley, l. f., 2b	1	1	3	0	0	Healy, r. f., c.	0	0	2	1	0
Hanlon, p., s. s.	3	2	0	9	5	McCuska, 1st b.	2	1	11	0	4
Critchley, r. f.	4	5	2	0	0	F. Trimble, 3d b	1	1	4	1	2
Keenan, 2d b., c.	1	2	2	2	3	Wilbur, p.....	0	0	1	2	2
Thomas, c., 2b.	1	2	2	9	1	Bohan, s. s.....	1	0	3	4	1
Arnold, c. f., 2 b.	2	2	2	0	1	Farrell, c. f.....	0	0	0	0	0
Totals.....	21	22	27	15	23	Totals.....	6	5	27	10	22

Rhode Island	1	1	4	1	5	1	2	2	4—21
Atlantic	0	0	1	0	1	3	0	1	0—6

Passed balls—Thomas, 5; Burns, 4; Tobin, 1; Flynn, 6; Healy, 4. Bases on balls—Atlantic, 2. Wild pitches—Hanlon, 3. Total bases—Rhody, 27; Atlantic, 6. Umpire, Matt. Barry of the R. I.'s. Time, 2h. 30m.

Rhode Island.	R.	Ib.	P.O.	A.	E.	Fall River.	R.	Ib.	P.O.	A.	E.
Brady, 2d b.....	1	1	1	5	1	Crane, 2d b.....	0	1	2	6	3
Turbidy, s. s....	1	1	4	3	0	Canary, l. f.....	1	0	1	0	1
Burns, 3d b.....	0	1	2	0	2	Piggott, 3d b...	0	0	1	2	2
Shandley, l. f...	0	1	1	0	0	Egan, r. f. and p	0	0	1	1	1
Hanlon, r. f.....	0	1	1	0	0	Mutrie, s. s.....	0	0	3	6	1
Tobin, 1st b.....	0	0	13	0	1	Oxley, c.....	0	0	13	5	0
Thomas, c. f.....	1	0	0	0	0	Butler, p. & r. f.	1	0	1	2	3
Keenan, c.....	1	1	4	3	3	McGunnie, c. f. & c	1	1	2	1	0
Critchley, p.....	1	1	0	12	0	Libby, 1st b.....	1	0	12	1	0
Totals.....	5	7	27	17	8	Totals.....	4	3	27	18	21

Rhode Island	0	0	0	1	3	0	0	0	1—4
Fall River	0	0	0	0	0	4	0	0	0—4

Passed balls—Keenan, 1; Oxley, 5; McGunnigle, 4. Wild pitches—Butler, 2. Umpire, J. Bonnolly of Fall River. Time, 1h. 40m.

Rhode Island.	R.	Ib.	P.O.	A.	E.	Lowell.	R.	Ib.	P.O.	A.	E.
Brady, 2d b.....	3	2	0	1	1	Cogswell, 1st b.	1	0	10	1	2
Barry, c. f.....	0	3	1	1	0	Woodhead, 3d b	2	2	3	2	5
Burns, 3d b.....	0	1	2	2	2	Sellman, 2d b.	1	2	4	3	3
Shandley, l. f...	1	1	1	0	0	Say, s. s.....	0	1	2	3	1
Hanlon, r. f.....	0	1	1	0	0	Foley, p.....	2	0	2	3	2
Tobin, 1st b.....	1	1	13	0	0	Sullivan, c.....	0	1	3	1	0
Turbidy, s. s....	1	2	3	6	1	Macullar, l. f...	0	1	3	0	0
Keenan, c.....	1	0	7	3	0	Firth, r. f.....	0	1	0	0	2
Critchley, p.....	2	1	2	3	2	Toner, c. f.....	0	1	1	0	0
Totals.....	11	11	30	14	10	Totals.....	8	7	30	13	24

Rhode Island	0	1	0	0	0	0	4	1	2	3—11
Lowell	1	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0— 8

Wild pitches—Critchley, 1; Foley, 1. Three-base hit—Toner. Passed balls—Keenan, 2; Sullivan, 3. Umpire, J. G. White. Time, 2h. 20m.

The score of the game contested on the 1st inst. did not reach us before going to press, but the result was 11 to 7 in favor of the Rhode Islands.

ACTIVE vs. NEW HAVEN.

At Reading, Pa., on June 26, the New Haven Club were taken in and cared for by the Actives to the tune of 7 to 6. In the first inning the New Havens indulged in a bit of batting, and succeeded in piling up four runs, two of which were earned; but Lovett settled down to work and was admirably supported the remainder of the game.

Active.	R.	In.	New Haven.	R.	In.
James, c.....	0	1	Fleet, 2d b.....	1	2
Goodman, 1st b.....	0	1	Waitt, 1st b.....	1	2
Heifer, 2d b.....	1	2	Fabor, l. f.....	2	1
Lovett, p.....	1	2	Cassidy, p.....	2	0
Ressler, c. f.....	2	3	Spence, 3d b.....	0	0
Field, c. f.....	1	2	Wright, s. s.....	0	0
Dillon, l. b.....	1	1	Knowdell, c.....	0	0
Stott, 3d b.....	0	0	McGee, c. f.....	0	2
Warren, s. s.....	0	1	Corbin, r. f.....	0	0
Totals.....	7	12	Totals.....	6	11

Active	0	1	0	3	0	3	0	0	0—7
New Haven	4	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	0—6

Runs earned—Active, 3; New Haven, 2. Base-hits—Active, 14; New Haven, 11. Umpire, Ben Fleishman of Philadelphia. Time, 2h. 10m.

PICKED NINE vs. HARRISBURG.—The representative club of Pennsylvania's capital was beaten by a picked nine June 24.

Picked Nine	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	1—3
Harrisburg	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—2

BASEBALL.

GAMES TO BE PLAYED.

July 4, 6, 8, Mutual vs. Louisville, at Louisville, Ky.
July 4, 6, 8, Boston vs. St. Louis, at St. Louis, Mo.
July 4, 6, 8, Hartford vs. Chicago, at Chicago, Ill.
July 4, 6, 8, Athletics vs. St. Louis, at St. Louis, Mo.
July 4, Union vs. Star of Newark, at Irvington, N. J.
July 4, Resolute vs. Harvard College, at Elizabeth, N. J.
July 4, Nameless vs. Bridgeport, at Bridgeport, Ct.
July 4, Clippers vs. Sunnyside, at Milton, Pa.
July 4, Alaska of N. Y. vs. Irving, at Honesdale, Pa.
July 4, St. Louis Reds vs. Philadelphia, at Phila.
July 4, Covington Star vs. Quickstep, at Wilmington.
July 4, Cricket vs. Ilion, at Binghamton, N. Y.
July 5, Covington Star vs. Resolute, at Elizabeth.
July 5, Alaska vs. Carbondale, at Carbondale, Pa.
July 6, Olympic vs. Covington Star, at Paterson, N. J.
July 6, Alaska vs. Wilkesbarre, at Wilkesbarre, Pa.
July 7, Alaska vs. Carbondale, at Scranton, Pa.
July 8, Alaska vs. Irving, at Scranton.
July 8, Brooklyn vs. Cricket, at Binghamton.
July 8, Nameless vs. Staten Island, at Staten Island.
July 8, Produce Ex. vs. Stationers' Ex., at Brooklyn.
July 8, Goodwill vs. Osceola, at Brooklyn.
July 10, Alaska vs. Cricket, at Binghamton.
July 11, Volunteer vs. Cricket, at Binghamton.
July 11, Alaska vs. Ithaca, at Ithaca, N. Y.
July 11, Chatham vs. Brooklyn, at Hoboken, N. J.
July 11, Resolute vs. Chelsea, at Brooklyn.
July 11, Union vs. Olympic, at Paterson.

EAST vs. WEST.

It will be remembered that the first Eastern tour of the Western nines of the League Association ended with a record of twenty-four won games for each section. This was after four weeks' play in the Eastern cities, and in June 30 the first of the series of games played by the Eastern nines out West took place, and the close of the first week's play left the record as follows:

Chicago vs. Mutual	4	to	2
Chicago vs. Athletic	3		0
Chicago vs. Mutual	16		2
Totals	26		8
St. Louis vs. Athletic	4		2
St. Louis vs. Athletic	5		0
St. Louis vs. Athletic	8		3
Totals	17		5
Hartford vs. Louisville	5		5
Hartford vs. Louisville	3		0
Hartford vs. Louisville	2		7
Hartford vs. Louisville	3		0
Totals	13		12
Boston vs. Cincinnati	14		7
Boston vs. Cincinnati	8		5
Boston vs. Cincinnati	8		7
Totals	30		19

On Saturday, July 1, the second week's play of the tour ended with the appended result:

Chicago vs. Athletic.	13	to 14	St. Louis vs. Mutual. 7 1
Chicago vs. Athletic.	19	3	St. Louis vs. Mutual. 8 0
Chicago vs. Athletic.	18	9	
Totals	50	26	Totals 15 1
Boston vs. Louisville.	5	3	Hartf'd vs. Cincin'ti. 5 2
Boston vs. Louisville.	5	8	Hartf'd vs. Cincin'ti. 13 6
Boston vs. Louisville.	10	2	
Totals	21	13	Totals 18 8

This leaves the West in the van for the two weeks' play by 10 won games to 9, the grand total being 34 to 33 in their favor.

It is a little singular that the third game between the Mutual and St. Louis, at St. Louis, gave promise of ending very similarly to that of the third of the series in Brooklyn, N. Y., as at the end of the fourth inning the score stood at 5 to 1 in favor of the Mutuals, the betting having been at long odds in favor of St. Louis, as it was in Brooklyn, the play in the two previous games warranting the odds. The Chicago Club in their three games with the Athletics last week seem to have struck upon three lively balls, judging from the score. This week the Mutuals play the Louisvilles. The Bostons play in St. Louis, the Hartfords in Chicago and the Athletics in Cincinnati, on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

THE LEAGUE-PENNANT RECORD.

The record of the League-pennant contests up to July 2, inclusive, is as follows.

	Athletic	Boston	Chicago	Cincinnati	Hartford	Louisville	Mutual	St. Louis	Games Won	Games Played
Athletic		1	3	0	1	3	0	9	29	39
Boston	3		0	6	0	4	2	3	15	30
Chicago	1	3		4	2	3	1	1	15	30
Cincinnati	0	0	0		1	1	0	2	4	29
Hartford	3	4	1	4		5	2	3	22	37
Louisville	1	4	0	3	1		1	1	12	30
Mutual	1	2	1	4	2	3		4	19	36
St. Louis	6	2	2	2	0	3	4		19	29
Games lost	20	15	5	25	5	18	18	10	116	232
Drawn	1			1		2	1			

A summary of the above leaves the clubs occupying the following relative positions:

	Played.	Won.	Lost.	D'wn.
Chicago	30	25	5	0
Hartford	37	27	22	5
St. Louis	29	19	10	0
Boston	30	15	15	0
Louisville	30	12	18	2
Mutual	28	10	18	0
Athletic	29	9	20	0
Cincinnati	29	4	25	0
Totals	232	116	116	7

The Athletics, who have made the best average of runs and nearly the best on base-hits, are next to the last on the list in won games, while the two nines having the best fielding record head the list. This fact speaks loudly in favor of the principle that it is fielding which wins in the long run.

THE JUNE RECORD.

The following is the June record of the League pennant series of contests:

June 1, Mutual vs. Louisville, at Brooklyn..... 5 to 1
June 1, Cincinnati vs. Hartford, at Hartford..... 3
June 1, Chicago vs. Boston, at Boston..... 9
June 1, St. Louis vs. Athletic, at Philadelphia.. 17
June 3, Hartford vs. Cincinnati, at Hartford..... 7
June 3, Chicago vs. Boston, at Boston..... 8
June 3, Louisville vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn..... 8
June 3, St. Louis vs. Athletic, at Philadelphia.. 16
June 5, Hartford vs. Cincinnati, at Brooklyn..... 2
June 6, Louisville vs. Boston, at Boston..... 3
June 6, Chicago vs. Athletic, at Philadelphia..... 7
June 6, Hartford vs. St. Louis, at Hartford..... 3
June 8, Louisville vs. Boston, at Boston..... 6
June 8, Hartford vs. St. Louis, at Hartford..... 6
June 8, Chicago vs. Cincinnati, at Brooklyn..... 3
June 9, Mutual vs. Cincinnati, at Brooklyn (10 inn.) 1
June 10, Louisville vs. Boston, at Boston..... 6
June 10, Hartford vs. St. Louis, at Hartford (7 inn.) 7
June 10, Chicago vs. Athletic, at

"SUSAN JANE."

A CENTENNIAL VERSION OF ANNABEL LEE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

It was many and many a year ago,
In a house that stood in the lane,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know
By the name of Susan Jane;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to play with me in the drain.

I was a child and *she* was a child,
In this house that stood in the lane;
But we loved with a love that was stronger than love—
I and my Susan Jane;
With a love that the father and mother at home
Viewed with pain.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this house that stood in the lane,
Her mother came to the door and called
My beautiful Susan Jane;
And her big brother he came
And bore her away in pain,
To shut her up in a dark room
In the house that stood in the lane.

The angels not half so happy in heaven
As we playing in the drain—
Yes! that was the reason (as all men know,
In this house that stood in the lane)
That the brother came out of the door by night,
And seized my Susan Jane.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than Jane—
Of the mother who called once again;
And neither the father in the room above,
Nor the brother who gave us such pain,
Can ever disever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Susan Jane.

For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Susan Jane,
And the stars never rise but I see the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Susan Jane;
So, all the night-tide, I lie down on my side,
And dream of my darling—my life and my bride—
Of my beautiful Susan Jane,
In her room in that house in the lane. T. B. M.

Washington, D. C.

LELIO'S TWO LOVES.

A STORY OF THE ITALIAN STAGE.

ADAPTED FROM THE FRENCH OF GEORGE SAND FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

I was born in Cheggio, a fishing village on the Adriatic not far from Venice. My ancestors had been fishermen "since all time," as my father was wont to say, and he sighed as he predicted that I would never be able to follow his calling, which he esteemed, as did all the Cheggiotes, the most manly and honorable in the world. I was graceful and supple, but I bore no promise that I would ever attain the robust proportions of one of those toilers of the sea, and the paternal fiat was that I must be a gondolier, or, at best, a gondolier in the neighboring city, the bride of the sea. At fifteen years of age, then, I found myself in the service of the Countess Berbini, a wealthy widow, and the owner of one of the most magnificent palaces in the city of the Doges. Her father had gained immense wealth in commerce, and had married his only daughter, then little more than a child, to the last of the proud line of the Berbini, the haughty noble condescending to regild his somewhat tarnished escutcheon with the gold of the rich merchant. He fell in a duel some three years after his marriage, leaving his lovely widow, whom he had completely misprised and ill-treated, free from his despotic sway, to care for their child, the little Azalea.

The Countess Bianca was blonde and gentle; her sufferings from the pride of her late husband, her plebeian origin and her natural sweetness of temper contrasted greatly with the disposition of the child, who seemed to have inherited all the insolent haughtiness of her father. I soon learned to love the lady whose livery I wore. My duties were light and my spirits joyous as the morn. I had the care of her gondola, and accompanied her in her daily tour through the liquid streets of the city of canals. Perched on the prow, I assisted the gondolier in the use of the gondola, and uttered the warning cries that gave notice to the boatmen in the intersecting canals of the approach of our gondola. Bondini, a Lombard Hercules, was gondolier-in-chief, and furnished with his strong and skillful arms the propelling power of the graceful craft. The Countess suffered from a weakness in one of her ankles, and it was the duty of the robust Bondini to carry her from the palace to the boat, and on our return to again convey her from the gondola to her apartments. The little Azalea, with her scornful black eyes and silent demeanor, seldom accompanied us.

More than a year passed in uneventfully away. I was nearly seventeen years of age, the Countess was twenty-two, and her child five in years, but in gravity of manner and pride of bearing more than double that number. In my boyhood my voice had been remarkably even and harmonious, and the Countess often spoke of it with pleasure, and would encourage me in my aspirations, for even then—ignorant as I was, I had the ambition to become a great singer. What was my dismay when one evening, in essaying a favorite barcarole, my voice broke, and my efforts to control it only resulted in producing the most distressing discords. I rushed from the palace and wandered to the suburbs of the city, where, in the shadow of a ruined wall, I lay weeping until dawn. The next day I spent upon the quays endeavoring to induce the master of some outward-bound vessel to take me—I cared not where, or in what capacity. My fisherman's garments betrayed my calling, and at length some of the police recognised the livery of the Berbini, and returned me to the palace. My reception by the Countess was most kind; she chided me for such a return for the generosity which she had always manifested toward me, and cheered my wounded pride by assuring me that in a short time my voice would pass from its transitory weakness, and assume a power and volume which it had never possessed. For a long time, however, I refused to make a confidant of it. I did not even dare to do so when alone. The thought of a failure before the Countess was unendurable; for, unknown to myself, I, the fisherman's son, the liveried menial, had learned to love the mistress upon whose wages I existed, and before I was conscious of the truth the wound was already too deep to be readily healed. If, in the one little year I thought of the difference in our ages, of the disparity in position and fortune, on the other I remembered that the Countess herself sprang from a family originally humble, and that she had so suffered from the arrogance of her late husband, and the sneering rebuffs of his titled relatives, that she was not always able to restrain her feelings upon the subject, and had given vent in my presence to her detestation of all the arbitrary distinctions between the so-called classes of society. Then, would I not be, when of age, a citizen of the glorious republic which never failed to shower riches and rank upon its meritorious sons? My father, again, was of a race apart, for the Cheggiotes hold themselves aloof from the dwellers in the city by the sea, and pride themselves upon their superior physique and valor. Full often in the bloodiest wars with the Ottoman had the sons of Cheggio turned the tide of battle by their superior seamanship and bravery, and dashed the crescent from the captured galleys of the Turk. The Doges had not been slow to recognize their services, but the proud fishermen had ever scorned all reward of wealth or titles, and returned to their labors and their isolation sustained by their rugged pride alone.

My love grew with my growth and strengthened with my strength, nor was it long before I felt that it was returned. One evening, while Bondini was bearing the Countess from the gondola up the steps that led to the door of the palace, his foot slipped, and his awful burden would probably have received some injury had I not, fortunately, been in attendance. On the following day she asked me if I felt my strength equal to the task hitherto confided to my fellow-gondolier; and, upon my answering eagerly in the affirmative, it was bonded to me. Now I never ate so happy an hour as when alone; the days sped away like dreams; I came, with a blush at the same time for my vanity, to survey myself in the mirrors that glittered in every hall and corridor, and rejoiced to see myself attaining the proportions of a man, and not an unattractive one.

One evening, while assisting the Countess from the gondola, I felt my limbs tremble, my brain whirled, my heart fluttered within my breast as though it would burst forth from its imprisonment, and I had scarcely strength to deliver my mistress to her female attendants and escape to my room. I felt exhausted on my bed, and burst forth into a torrent of tears. I was at length enlightened; I could no longer conceal from myself that I loved, with all the impetuosity of my nature, a being it was impossible for me to win. I could not sleep, and through the long hours I pondered upon what course to pursue. I determined upon leaving a dwelling fraught with woe on danger to my peace of mind; but how could I part with one whose kindness to me had been so unvarying and so delicately bestowed, without assigning some reason for my departure? But how, I thought, can I again support the sight of her who must have felt my weakness, fathomed my secret, and perhaps trifled with me for my unwarranted presumption? My love or gratitude overwhelmed my fears; I sought an interview and made known to her my determination. That day I shall ever remember. She loved me, and she did not hesitate to acknowledge it frankly and firmly. Her first marriage, her blissful treasure by her husband and his relatives, the greediness with which the first had squandered as much of her immense dowry as he could before the rapier cut short his profligate career, the attempts of the latter to induce her to put her infant child in their charge, had fully impressed her with the hollowness of titled pretensions. Of wealth she had plenty, and she had determined to remain in widowhood for the rest of her life if she did not meet with one whom she could love, and who, however humble his lot, she could feel was worthy of her affections. With tender authority she ordered me to remain nominally in her service, and offered to provide me with masters who should educate me and develop the talents with which she was pleased to imagine me endowed. She combatted every objection that I urged, love pleaded in her favor, and I remained. My altered footing in the household was soon perceptible; the other servants were furiously jealous of me, and did not spare their covert taunts and sneers. The mind of the little Azalea, with whom I had been a favorite more than any one of the domestics, was poisoned against me, and the haughty child would not even remain in the same room with me. Hated by my fellows, scarcely ever able to exchange a word with my mistress, my life was embittered, and all my studies, save that of music, became odious to me. My voice had returned to me, and I joyed in the possession of an organ which, it needed not my master's flattery to tell me, lacked but the necessary cultivation to become the equal of any on the stage. The jests and covert insinuations of the valets and waiting-maids became daily more unbearable; and I could only flee from them to the solitude of my apartment.

One day, as I was sitting in moody loneliness, the door opened, and Bondini, the chief gondolier, entered. This worthy man had ever loved me as a father, and I unbosomed my griefs to him and demanded his advice. The Lombard giant had the heart of a woman, and, despite his affection for me, his counsel strengthened the determination that I had half formed, to throw myself upon the world and save the Countess from the calumnies and animadversions of society. It was certain that the titled relatives of the dead Berbini would demand that the child should, in the event of such a marriage as the Countess and I more than myself had proposed and insisted upon, be withdrawn from the custody of the mother, and given to their charge. To one so frail and loving as the Countess this separation would be unendurable, and yet it would be, we felt, when looking at it coolly, the inevitable result of the nuptials. My resolution was formed; the same evening Bondini procured me a fisherman's garb; I threw off forever the gold-laced badges of servitude, and felt myself a man in the rough dress of my ancestors. I surveyed myself a while, clad in the rough, gray breeches and stockings, the hooded red shirt and knit cap in which I was henceforth to be clothed, and descended the stairs. At the door of the Countess' sitting-room I paused a while, and then mustered courage to enter.

She was seated at the window, gazing pensively at the rising moon. She started at the sound of my voice as I asked permission to ring for lights, and gave the command herself, when the servant appeared. With the illumination of the room, she perceived my new attire, and tears stole silently down her cheeks. I was as much affected, I think, but I unburdened my heart, and with unstudied eloquence told my reasons for bidding her farewell. She pleaded as much as her womanly pride would allow, but I knew the chord to touch, and the recital of the future fate of her daughter and of her own lot, isolated from the love, perhaps the remembrance, of her child, wrung from her at last a tacit assent. Bondini rowed me to a waterside inn, and the next morning I was in my father's cottage, richer than when I left it, by some sweet and many bitter memories and my scanty savings. I tendered the little hoard to my sire, who refused to accept it, and said, when he had heard the portion of my story that I felt at liberty to tell:

"Ah! my son, if you could only have been a fisherman, you would never have known any of these heart-burnings."

I remained some weeks with my father, but I could not endure to sit with empty hands at home, and made my way again to Venice. The stage was now my ambition, but I was unknown. I had no thorough musical education, and one must live. In the daytime I gained enough for my frugal wants by unloading vessels, and assisting the gondoliers who ply for hire. In the evening, after some weeks of strategy, I obtained permission to do the lowest order of work behind the scenes, in return for being allowed to listen to the performance. I arranged the lamps, I kept them trimmed and in order, I helped shift the scenery, and made myself useful to the property-man and the company. I was not long in acquainting the chorus-master with the fact that I had a fine voice, and my gratuitous services in the chorus were readily accepted. I studied, I listened, I practiced, and I improved, until, with the aid of lessons from some of the maestri, I was entrusted with minor parts, and acquitted myself creditably. I now felt in my element; I could support myself by my talent, and had gained a foothold upon that ladder of fame of which I hoped to attain the topmost round. I studied harder than ever, and in five years I was—on the bills at least—the first tenor of the world.

For three years I had the most brilliant successes. I commanded my own prices, and was the idol of the public. I reverenced my art, and I may say that I loved that alone, for all the flatteries that silly women so freely lavish upon those of my profession had failed to touch my heart or even my vanity. I learned that the Countess Berbini had left Venice, and had devoted her life and income to works of charity, reserving the principal of her fortune for the dowry of her daughter, Azalea, who was duly being with the relatives of her father. The world is wide, and it was little likely that I should ever see either of them again. My stream of life was not, however, destined to flow so placidly in the future as it had done in the past, and, as usual, a woman was the disturbing cause. I was playing Romeo one night in the San Carlo, at Naples. I was in my best vein, and the audience responded enthusiastically to my efforts. My eyes, in spite of myself, became attracted to a stage-box wherein sat three persons, a young lady in company with an elderly couple who occupied the chairs on either side of her. She was the perfection of icily cold beauty; her magnificent black eyes, steadily bent upon the stage, looked forth a stern disdain, and her beautiful lips seemed set as if to hide a mocking smile. I sang as I had never done before; I breathed forth my whole soul in the passionate music of the great maestro, and acted with all the abandon of which I was capable. The cries and plaudits of the audience were redoubled, but I cared not for them. Ever and anon I glanced stealthily toward the stage-box, and met the same steady gaze, the same cynical expression. She was a statue, while all around her were frantic with exclamations of delight. The curtain fell, and I was called before it to receive such an ovation as an artist seldom obtains, even from the warm-hearted children of sunny Italy. I kept my eyes fixed upon the front of the house while I thanked my admirers for their appreciation of my efforts; but, while bowing my last farewell, I was resisting the temptation of stealing a glance at the beautiful brunette, whose imperturbable gaze had so wrought upon my feelings. I encountered the same glacier-like look, and involuntarily a shudder passed through my frame. I hastened to dress, and, abruptly declining an invitation to sup with the primadonna, I hastened home and threw myself upon my couch.

TO BE CONTINUED.

TOUCHING MEMENTO.

[While not wishing to detract from the merits of obituary poets of the present day, concerning whose claim to superiority I have nothing to say, I think that every one will refrain from tendering a just meed of praise to the author of the following plaintive verses, which were first given to the world in the month of December, 1863. We owe their birth to the death of an estimable lady, the wife of a well-known resident of one of the populous towns on the Hudson River. They were deeply attached to each other; and the survivor, bereft by the death of the partner of his bosom, gave himself up to the deepest woe, and refused to be comforted. In the solemn privacy of his now desolate home, the bereaved husband composed the following touching and pathetic poem, which, for lyrical rhythm, beautiful harmony, and enthused sadness, must ever hold a place among our most cherished native original productions. We believe the pathetic work has never yet found its way into the journals of the day, although the grief-stricken husband has printed edition after edition for circulation among his own people; and to a dear friend residing in the city where the dreadful affliction came upon the husband, we are indebted for a copy of the latest issue, published about the 1st of June, 1876, which shows that his love for the lost one can never, never die. Though the mourning pilgrim married again just six months after the decease of his first wife, we cannot see anything in that fact to show that his heart was not with the silent dead. The daughter Lola, to whom he so feelingly alludes, is, we believe, a well-known belle of the town in which she was first ushered into existence. We give no names, not wishing to intrude upon the solemnities of the domestic hearth, or to harrow up the feelings of one who still sits in the ragged edge of despair, and who calmly bides his time to meet her "over there, bye-and-by." We may be pardoned for remarking that there are passages in the poem which, for depth of pathos, and those gushing touches of nature which make all the world akin, far surpass the most tenderest and impressivest gems of the most celebrated obituary poets of New York and Philadelphia.—ED. CLIP.]

LINES

COMPOSED ON THE DEATH OF CELIA ANN (WIFE OF JOHN ——), WHO DIED DEC. 27, 1863.

On the twenty-seventh day of December,
In the year Eighteen Hundred Sixty-three,
A night I ever shall remember,
That caused my lonesome misery.
My sweet wife upon her bed was lying
All in the agony of death!
With a fierce and aching head was raving
Till God did stop her breath!

When she was gone,
And life had took its flight,
How strangely to behold her—
An agonizing sight!

As she lay in her coffin,
All in her shrouded clothes,
How beautiful the expression,
In the arms of death she did repose.

My sweet Ann, you have departed,
And left me here alone;
Sad am I and broken-hearted,
Waiting for thy long return.

Days and weeks may pass away,
And still I'll mourn for thee;
I may watch for thee from day to day,
In hopes of seeing thy sweet face.

Thou art gone from me forever,
And I never more will thee behold;
Ann, you will return? No, never!
My feelings they are uncontrolled.

Sadness has o'erspread my heart,
And lonesome here I dwell.
When I think how you did depart,
My bosom it with grief does swell!

You left me when I was away—
After the doctor I had went—
Not one word upon me did say,
Upon my thoughts I must relent.

If you to me had said one word
To satisfy my troubled mind,
I would most quickly have concurred
To any wish you left behind.

Thou art gone, never to return,
Upon this earth to stay;
And for thee we sincerely mourn,
Thinking of thy lifeless clay.

Lola wakes and asks for Mother,
But no Mother does she see;
She has gone to dwell with another,
Dearer far than we.

Ann, if you could view this heart,
And this distracted mind,
You ne'er will say: "I will depart
And leave my own dear lovely John behind!"

While I alone at home do sit,
My thoughts on thee does run;
That sweet form I ne'er will forget—
For by thy presence ever will I mourn.

Thou art gone, never my presence to greet;
Never will I from that face
Receive one welcome smile!
My heart is incomplete!
And I must wait the while.

Upon this earth you suffered pain—
Enjoyment of life you never knew!—
To get you health you tried in vain;
All to no purpose, naught would do!

How melancholy are all the moments
I try in vain to pass away,
Which brings sorrow and discontentment,
And makes me find the livelong day!

My mind is ever on thee, dearest,
Nothing can I do but think of thee;
Lola to me now is nearest,
But does not soothe my misery

Ann, I wish thou wert ever here,
That I might reconcile myself,
And dream of naught else but my dear—
Ever contented might I dwell.

Everything to me looks forsaken!
Nothing looks to be the same!
Since you from us have been taken
Things to me look very strange!

When I do stop and think,
My dearest, thou art dead!
It causes my heart within to sink,
And almost breaks my aching head!

When I say to myself all alone,
"My dearest Ann is no more!"
To think that you are forever gone,
Makes me feel sad and very, very sore!

What is this life without you?
What is this world to me?
It is nothing but sorrow,
And a life of misery!

I would like to see that face—
That form once more behold—
That I might take a long, long gaze
And talk of things untold!

Lola's heart is melting, melting for thee!
And she is tired and lonesome,
And is ever asking of me,
"Papa, when will Mother come?"

Now, my dear, you are at rest,
Never more to suffer pain,
You have gone to dwell with the blest,
And live in sweet Canaan!

Farewell, my dear, you have departed,
To dwell in realms beyond the skies;
You left us here broken-hearted,
While you dwell in Paradise!

Farewell, dear Ann, farewell forever!
To return again no more!
Hoping that again we will meet,
And join our hands at Jesus' feet!
I am yours truly, JOHN ——.

EXTRAVAGANCE OR ACCIDENT?—Yesterday, while a large number of people were in the waiting-rooms of the Forty-second street depot, a motherly old lady, who was poking around to see the pictures on the railroad advertising cards, found a quill toothpick on the floor. She offered it to one and then another, first inquiring of each if he had lost anything; and when no one would take it she dropped the "picker" into her pocket, with the remark: "Quill toothpicks don't grow on every bush. If the owner threw it away, his extravagant habits will land him in the poorhouse. If he lost it, perhaps he'll come back afore the train goes out."

I pressed her gentle form to me, and whispered in her ear, if, when I was far away, she'd drop for me a tear. I paused for some cheering words my throbbing heart to cool; and with her rosy lips she said, "O like! you're sich a fool."

AN ADVENTURE IN HAGA PARK.

From August Blanche's* "Pictures of Reality"—Experiences of a Livery Clerk.

TRANSLATED FROM THE SWEDISH BY THE LATE CARL LARSEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

"Figge," said my mother one day, "you are, of course, too young to marry yet, but there is no harm in thinking about it in time. You have occasionally seen Miss Christina, daughter of the painter's widow, Mrs. Linstrom, in Samuel street. She has six thousand dollars from her godfather, who acted, too, as marshal at her mother's wedding. To be sure, the girl is not handsome, but for six thousand you can put up a nice livery-stable. Ask your proprietor to let you take a coach next Sunday, for I have invited Mrs. Linstrom and daughter to a breakfast at Haga Park; but, when you pass the lager-cellar, buy a bottle of red wine, for we mustn't mind the cost when a matter of importance is going on. Meanwhile I shall wash your white pants and take the spots from your black coat. Now, do as I have told you, Figge, and of all things don't forget the wine."

After this notification, during which my mother was not under the necessity of drawing a single breath, we separated. I had a few times seen Miss Christina, who had long, flaxen hair, light-blue, protruding eyes, large, sharp nose—and this, too, somewhat blue—the top like a Damascene sabre. But the thought of the six thousand, and of becoming soon my own master, made her nose less dangerous of approach. I believe, also, that on two consecutive nights I dreamed of driving, with her by my side, in our own carriage, above the earth, beyond the clouds, and with the finest horses in the world.

Next Sunday I drew up, as determined, with our largest livery-coach outside my mother's door. Besides my mother, Mrs. Linstrom and daughter, I recognized a Mrs. Lagge, widow of a tinsmith on Surbrunn street, and her son, a long, thin-legged personage who clerked in Hassel's grocery-store at Haymarket, exhibiting himself with a guitar hanging by a light-blue ribbon from his shoulder.

"I couldn't help inviting Mrs. Lagge," whispered my mother, "for I took coffee with her yesterday, and she treated me to rice-pudding. I never dreamed she would bring her wan son with her; but cheer up, Figge, and show that you can excel the counter-jumper, although he has a guitar on his back and all pockets filled with raisins and almonds."

The three elder ladies took possession of and filled the fore-seat, Mrs. Lagge and myself the back one, the women not freely lavish upon those of my profession had failed to touch my heart or even my vanity. I learned that the Countess Berbini had left Venice, and had devoted her life and income to works of charity, reserving the principal of her fortune for the dowry of her daughter, Azalea, who was duly being with the relatives of her father. The world is wide, and it was little likely that I should ever see either of them again. My stream of life was not, however, destined to flow so placidly in the future as it had done in the past, and, as usual, a woman was the disturbing cause. I was playing Romeo one night in the San Carlo, at Naples. I was in my best vein, and the audience responded enthusiastically to my efforts. My eyes, in spite of myself, became attracted to a stage-box wherein sat three persons, a young lady in company with an elderly couple who occupied the chairs on either side of her. She was the perfection of icily cold beauty; her magnificent black eyes, steadily bent upon the stage, looked forth a stern disdain, and her beautiful lips seemed set as if to hide a mocking smile. I sang as I had never done before; I breathed forth my whole soul in the passionate music of the great maestro, and acted with all the abandon of which I was capable. The cries and plaudits of the audience were redoubled, but I cared not for them. Ever and anon I glanced stealthily toward the stage-box, and met the same steady gaze, the same cynical expression. She was a statue, while all around her were frantic with exclamations of delight. The curtain fell, and I was called before it to receive such an ovation as an artist seldom obtains, even from the warm-hearted children of sunny Italy. I kept my eyes fixed upon the front of the house while I thanked my admirers for their appreciation of my efforts; but, while bowing my last farewell, I was resisting the temptation of stealing a glance at the beautiful brunette, whose imperturbable gaze had so wrought upon my feelings. I encountered the same glacier-like look, and involuntarily a shudder passed through my frame. I hastened to dress, and, abruptly declining an invitation to sup with the primadonna, I hastened home and threw myself upon my couch.

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When she was gone,
And life had took its flight,
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As she lay in her coffin,
All in her shrouded clothes,
How beautiful the expression,
In the arms of death she did repose.

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And left me here alone;
Sad am I and broken-hearted,
Waiting for thy long return.

Days and weeks may pass away,
And still I'll mourn for thee;
I may watch for thee from day to day,
In hopes of seeing thy sweet face.

Thou art gone from me forever,
And I never more will thee behold;
Ann, you will return? No, never!
My feelings they are uncontrolled.

Sadness has o'erspread my heart,
And lonesome here I dwell.
When I think how you did depart,
My bosom it with grief does swell!

You left me when I was away—
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Not one word upon me did say,
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If you to me had said one word
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Lola wakes and asks for Mother,
But no Mother does she see;
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And is ever asking of me,
"Papa, when will Mother come?"

Now, my dear, you are at rest,
Never more to suffer pain,
You have gone to dwell with the blest,
And live in sweet Canaan!

Farewell, my dear, you have departed,
To dwell in realms beyond the skies;
You left us here broken-hearted,
While you dwell in Paradise!

Farewell, dear Ann, farewell forever!
To return again no more!
Hoping that again we will meet,
And join our hands at Jesus' feet!
I am yours truly, JOHN ——.

EXTRAVAGANCE OR ACCIDENT?—Yesterday, while a large number of people were in the waiting-rooms of the Forty-second street depot, a motherly old lady, who was poking around to see the pictures on the railroad advertising cards, found a quill toothpick on the floor. She offered it to one and then another, first inquiring of each if he had lost anything; and when no one would take it she dropped the "picker" into her pocket, with the remark: "Quill toothpicks don't grow on every bush. If the owner threw it away, his extravagant habits will land him in the poorhouse. If he lost it, perhaps he'll come back afore the train goes out."

I pressed her gentle form to me, and whispered in her ear, if, when I was far away, she'd drop for me a tear. I paused for some cheering words my throbbing heart to cool; and with her rosy lips she said, "O like! you're sich a fool."

AN ADVENTURE IN HAGA PARK.

From August Blanche's* "Pictures of Reality"—Experiences of a Livery Clerk.

TRANSLATED FROM THE SWEDISH BY THE LATE CARL LARSEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

"Figge," said my mother one day, "you are, of course, too young to marry yet, but there is no harm in thinking about it in time. You have occasionally seen Miss Christina, daughter of the painter's widow, Mrs. Linstrom, in Samuel street. She has six thousand dollars from her godfather, who acted, too, as marshal at her mother's wedding. To be sure, the girl is not handsome, but for six thousand you can put up a nice livery-stable. Ask your proprietor to let you take a coach next Sunday, for I have invited Mrs. Linstrom and daughter to a breakfast at Haga Park; but, when you pass the lager-cellar, buy a bottle of red wine, for we mustn't mind the cost when a matter of importance is going on. Meanwhile I shall wash your white pants and take the spots from your black coat. Now, do as I have told you, Figge, and of all things don't forget the wine."

After this notification, during which my mother was not under the necessity of drawing a single breath, we separated. I had a few times seen Miss Christina, who had long, flaxen hair, light-blue, protruding eyes, large, sharp nose—and this, too, somewhat blue—the top like a Damascene sabre. But the thought of the six thousand, and of becoming soon my own master, made her nose less dangerous of approach. I believe, also, that on two consecutive nights I dreamed of driving, with her by my side, in our own carriage, above the earth, beyond the clouds, and with the finest horses in the world.

Next Sunday I drew up, as determined, with our largest livery-coach outside my mother's door. Besides my mother, Mrs. Linstrom and daughter, I recognized a Mrs. Lagge, widow of a tinsmith on Surbrunn street, and her son, a long, thin-legged personage who clerked in Hassel's grocery-store at Haymarket, exhibiting himself with a guitar hanging by a light-blue ribbon from his shoulder.

"I couldn't help inviting Mrs. Lagge," whispered my mother, "for I took coffee with her yesterday, and she treated me to rice-pudding. I never dreamed she would bring her wan son with her; but cheer up, Figge, and show that you can excel the counter-jumper, although he has a guitar on his back and all pockets filled with raisins and almonds."

The three elder ladies took possession of and filled the fore-seat, Mrs. Lagge and myself the back one, the women not freely lavish upon those of my profession had failed to touch my heart or even my vanity. I learned that the Countess Berbini had left Venice, and had devoted her life and income to works of charity, reserving the principal of her fortune for the dowry of her daughter, Azalea, who was duly being with the relatives of her father. The world is wide, and it was little likely that I should ever see either of them again. My stream of life was not, however, destined to flow so placidly in the future as it had done in the past, and, as usual, a woman was the disturbing cause. I was playing Romeo one night in the San Carlo, at Naples. I was in my best vein, and the audience responded enthusiastically to my efforts. My eyes, in spite of myself, became attracted to a stage-box wherein sat three persons, a young lady in company with an elderly couple who occupied the chairs on either side of her. She was the perfection of icily cold beauty; her magnificent black eyes, steadily bent upon the stage, looked forth a stern disdain, and her beautiful lips seemed set as if to hide a mocking smile. I sang as I had never done before; I breathed forth my whole soul in the passionate music of the great maestro, and acted with all the abandon of which I was capable. The cries and plaudits of the audience were redoubled, but I cared not for them. Ever and anon I glanced stealthily toward the stage-box, and met the same steady gaze, the same cynical expression. She was a statue, while all around her were frantic with exclamations of delight. The curtain fell, and I was called before it to receive such an ovation as an artist seldom obtains, even from the warm-hearted children of sunny Italy. I kept my eyes fixed upon the front of the house while I thanked my admirers for their appreciation of my efforts; but, while bowing my last farewell, I was resisting the temptation of stealing a glance at the beautiful brunette, whose imperturbable gaze had so wrought upon my feelings. I encountered the same glacier-like look, and involuntarily a shudder passed through my frame. I hastened to dress, and, abruptly declining an invitation to sup with the primadonna, I hastened home and threw myself upon my couch.

TO BE CONTINUED.

"A horrible man, to wail at nothing!" I heard Christina say to her mother. "How many a noble robber has had his twenty bullets in the breast, and his full thirty sabre-cuts in the head, without making the least noise."

Meanwhile, as people came running toward us from all directions, we were obliged to pack ourselves, in the greatest hurry, into the wagon, and leave Haga. I will say nothing about the stormy conversation in the wagon; there we sat, wet and exhaling as in a balneary. So ended this excursion.

Two months afterward Miss Christina and her six thousand dollars were received by a hardware clerk. My proud livery establishment vanished in air; nor did poor Lagge, my rival, experience any reward for his gallantries.

* August Blanche's "Pictures of Reality" are divided into four volumes, entitled respectively "Experiences of a Livery-clerk," "Experiences of a Clergyman," "Experiences of an Actor," and "Miscellaneous." They are sketches of life in Sweden a half century ago, at which time, in reading "An Adventure in Haga Park," it will be necessary to bear in mind that horses kept in livery establishments were of the poorest kind, and coaches far from being like modern vehicles of the same name.

BY THE SEA I AM WAITING.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY MARION SACKETT.

Silently I sit by the dark, moaning waters,
Longingly my dim eyes gaze at the sea,
Sadly my poor heart keeps ever repeating:
Ship of my lost one, sail hither to me.

I'll not believe when they say thou art sleeping
Far beneath the waves, dear love, forever;
That never again this head, crazed with aching,
May be held in sweet pity close to thy breast.

What does it matter that long years have faded
Since you and I parted here on the shore?
Did you not say: "I'll return as I leave, dear,
Faithful and constant to thee evermore?"

What does it matter that in my lone watches
The brown of my hair has turned to dull gray,
Or the face that you kissed in its freshness and beauty
Is the face of a wrinkled old woman to-day?

Then I will wait, love, close by the water,
Watching with eyes now grown nearly blind;
For here by the sea I feel I am near you,
I hear thy dear voice in each sob of the wind.

THE THREE-LEGGED TERRIER.

A STORY OF "FIFTY-FATHOM BREAK."

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY HENRY LLEWELLYN WILLIAMS.

"Go-lone Hi." would have been a very well-known man indeed up and down the Colorado and Santa Clara Rivers, if he had not fully deserved his epithet by his loneliness. Since he was eighteen he had always dwelt on the mountains of Los Cosninas or along the rivers of New Mexico. His real name was Hiram Kenson, but what is a real born name on the frontier? Except the saddlebag preacher and the attorney, perhaps not a soul in the American settlement of Williams' Fork made a near guess at it. But Go-lone Hi.? Yes! the smallest papoose looked more solemn and the white children more glad at the mention of it.

Orphaned early, "dropped out in some emigrater's wagon, like enough," he was a child of nature in the fullest acceptance of the term, jealous of his freedom, and even ferocious. Agile as an ape, firm against ill-fortune, patient and sober, he was just about the leading hunter and trapper, with a little of the gambusino thereaway, but had also the Indian's contempt for gold, and the dislike to flourish the shining bait to bring a horde of colonists thither.

"There's your treasure," he would say, pointing to rich bottom land, "that will grow corn that will lay over the tall stalks of California. Dig that, if you want fun's to buy pinanners an' French fixin's."

He was always solicited to pilot Government surveying parties, and was equally feared by Mexican mixed breeds, whose principles were equally mixed, and the redmen.

He had turned thirty-three; spite of sun-tan and leanness, he was the finest man in the territory. But he had no vanity.

"Good-looking, am I?" he would say when over the border, and the Americans who wore their hair long, earrings and plenty of gold buttons in Spanish style, would beg him to rig up for the fandango.

"Preps! But I kind o' think my dog wouldn't fancy me a mossel better if I dabbed on paint and bristled with feathers."

His dog! about all his audience, judge, critic and friend; and such an insignificant cur.

Now both mothers became engaged in a word contest on behalf of their sons, which lasted until the arrival at Haga Park. We stepped out, took our seats on the romantic shore of Brunswik. My mother arranged upon the green grass a most delicious lunch; then, taking out of the big egg-basket two eggs, offered myself and Miss Christina each one, challenging us to touch them together, which we did.

"Miss Christina and my Figge will be married at the same time," said my mother, "for both eggs are broken alike."

"Now let my Adolph try!" exclaimed Mrs. Lagge, pushing me away.

Her Adolph pressed his egg against Miss Christina's, but with such force that she got the whole yolk upon her dress-sleeve. She was angry, but my rival bowed the knee before her, and, while drying the sleeve, put fistfuls of raisins and almonds in her and her mother's hands. I picked up stones from the shore, and began skimming the water with them; Mr. Lagge also tried, but was defeated, to the great joy of my mother. But then Mr. Lagge seized the guitar and sang with accompaniment:

On the green parks of the plain, etc.
Moss-covered hut, etc.
Lebe woin forget me nicht, etc.
He sang like a bird of Fritiof.

King Ring with his queen to a feast went he,
The ice lay so glassy clear on the sea:
Hoppfallerallellalla and hippfallerallellalla,
The ice lay so glassy clear on the sea.

All but my mother, who trembled with nervousness and anguish, joined him in full tone.

"Can't you do anything, unhappy boy?" she whispered to me.

Instantly I set myself on head in

CLIPPER VARIETIES.

Comprising Ballads, Songs and Dances, Comic Songs, Old Bills, etc.

WRITTEN AND COLLATED EXPRESSLY FOR THE CLIPPER.

OVER THE HILL TO THE POOR-HOUSE.

Plantation Sketch.

BY E. P. SMITH (NOT THE MINSTREL).

SCENE.—*Southern landscape, old set bridge at back. Set cabin R. S.; old well with "sweep" L. S.; dilapidated picket fence with broken gate, C. from cabin to L. M. R. Music at opening ("Little Old Log cabin in the Lane"). Uncle Joe, a venerable negro, with bundle on stick, enters from L. on bridge, pauses C., looks mournfully down on scene, comes slowly down through gate, peers into ruined cabin, shakes head sadly, hobbles toward well, puts down bundle, gazes into well, raises sweep—showing broken bucket—drops it, wipes his eyes with sleeve, comes down, leans on cane, etc.*

JOE.—Dar's moe water left in dese yar pore ole eyes den dar am in de ole well. Ehm, ehm. Arn't dar nuffin leff of de ole place? 'Pears like I can't scacely say "Bress de Lamb" for lettin me git back to de ole home agin once moe, like I thought I should; it 'pears like if everybody 'bout de old place and de ole place itself, and even de ole *well*, were all dead. Dead! dead! dead! It don't seem like it *could* be de ole home like I used to be 'fore de wah; 'fore all de cullud people was 'mancipated and turned loose—all scattered, scattered, scattered. Ole massa an missis (bress de Lamb for dat) was laid away to rest 'fore de trouble commenced—dey am sleepin' under de ole magnolia—dar sperits was 'mancipated, and took to de New Jerusalem; young massa wiped out wi de war: most all de darkies gone to de Norf, whar dey 'spected to git bleached out into white folks, and found out dat 'mancipation didn't mean makin' em' good as Northern white folks. 'Mancipation hain't done much for poor ole Joe—'taint made white folks of me. No, no, honey; no, no; 'ceptin helpin' to whiten dis poor ole head wid trials an tribblations. I've been knocked around from pillar to post widout no Massa an no home, 'til at last I've wandered back to de ole place; but dar's no one hyar to welcome de ole man back, or give him shelter under de ole roof, in de little ole log-cabin in de lane. Dar's nuffin lef for me but to go

Over de Hill to de Poor-house.

Over de hill to de poor-house, over de hill I must go;
Over de hill to de poor-house—no massa, no friend, has ole Joe.

De roof ob de little white cabin,
That sheltered de cot happy day
When Chloe and me we got married,
Has fallen and gone to decay;
De vines and de roses we planted,
De blossoms and gourds am all dead;
Ole massa and missus am sleeping
Wid de leaves rustling ober dar heads.

So over de hill to de poor-house, over de hill I must go;
Over de hill to de poor-house—no massa, no home, has ole Joe.

No sound of de banjo now greets me,
Like when my own boy picked de strings,
And de woodpecker, tapping, now only
Sad memory over me brings.
De rollicking laugh ob de children
Was hushed by de war's awful roar,
When de white 'mancipationers thundered
Wid cannon and swords at de door.

Now over de hill to de poor-house, over de hill I must go;
Over de hill to de poor-house is all dat am lef for ole Joe.

Farewell to de dear old plantation,
Whar bright, happy days I have seen,
And by moonlight we hunted de 'possum
When de corn on de hillside was green;
Farewell to de dear little cabin,
Farewell to de ole swinging gate;
De shadows are creeping around me—
I must go 'fore de night gits too late.

Way over de hill to de poor-house, over de hill I must go;
Over de hill to de poor-house—over de hill I must go.

FOURTH-OF-JULY PERFORMANCES in the Metropolitan Theatre, New York, in 1859.

The Metropolitan Theatre afterwards became the Winter Garden, and was destroyed by fire March 23, 1867. It was located on the westerly side of Broadway, nearly opposite Bond street. S. B. Duffield still follows the profession; E. Mollenhauer is leader of the orchestra at the Lyceum Theatre, London, Eng.; Wm. Graham Rufus Blake died in Boston, Mass., April 22, 1863; George Farren died in this city Aug. 18, 1861; George Holland died in this city Dec. 20, 1870; William Reynolds was drowned while bathing at Keyport, N. J., July 30, 1863; Frank Hodges was recently acting in this city at the Bowery Theatre; Mrs. Vernon died in this city June 4, 1869; Miss Mary Gannon also died here Feb. 22, 1868; Miss Henrade is now Mrs. W. R. Floyd and living in retirement; Charles Walcot died in Philadelphia, Pa., May 13, 1868; Barton Hill is the acting-manager of the California Theatre, San Francisco, Cal.; John Brougham is now a member of Daly's Fifth-avenue Theatre in this city; T. W. Davey is a manager in the West; Mr. Levere has retired from the profession, and is engaged in commercial pursuits in this city; Miss Dunkworth afterwards successfully sang upon the operatic stage under the name of Mlle. Morlini, and she is still living; Miss Ada Clifton is married and living in retirement; Miss Le Brun, now grown to womanhood, still follows the profession; George Jordan died in London, Eng., Nov. 15, 1873; Tom Baker is before the public; Miss Reese is a misprint for Mrs. Reever, who is now a teacher of music in this city.

METROPOLITAN THEATRE.
Broadway, opposite Bond street.
Lessee and Manager.....Mr. S. B. Duffield
Musical Conductor.....Mr. E. Mollenhauer
Stage-director.....Mr. H. Howard

MONDAY EVENING, JULY 4, 1859.

Mr Mathew Scraggs.....Mr. W. R. Blake
Mons. Interieur...G. Farren|Servant.....Mr. Jackson
Tom Tape.....G. Holland|Lady Scraggs..Mrs. Vernon
Capt. Darrington.....|Sally Scraggs..Mary Gannon
W. Reynolds|Poplin.....Miss Henrade
Lieut. Milton.....F. Hodges

After which Mr. S. B. DUFFIELD will sing a new patriotic song, written by GEN. G. P. MORRIS, entitled

"THE UNION."

To be followed by Brougham's audaciously original, historical, plagiaristic, ante-national, pre-patriotic, and omnilocal combination of circumstances, running through two acts and four centuries, entitled

COLUMBUS EL FILIBUSTERO.
DISTRIBUTION OF CHARACTERS, GOOD, BAD AND INDIFFERENT.

Ferdinand, King of Aragon—an aggressive and progressive monarch, of rather a speculative turn, with a good many irons in the fire, besides an eye on Castile.....Mr. Walcot
Juan Rodriguez de Fonseca, Archdeacon of Seville, keeper of the king's conscience (a handsome sinecure), and court spiritual adviser generally; therefore naturally opposed to Columbus and the spread of knowledge.....Mr. B. Hill
Fernando De Talvera, an old picture, very much improved by time.....Mr. T. Hodges
Luis De St. Angel, a contented office-holder, pursuing the even tenor of his way.....Mr. Brown
Alonzo De Quintanella, a courtier of much honor note.....Mr. Atkins
Don Christoval Colon, alias Columbus, a clairvoyant voyager, whose filibustering expedition gave rise to a world of speculation.....J. Brougham
Diego, a semicolon among the king's pages.....Miss Stella
Vasco Nunez.....|Distinguished members.....Mr. Jones
Bernardo Cortez.....|of the Historical Society, now meeting together for the first time.....Mr. Stevens
Amerigo Vespucci.....|.....Mr. Davey
Ponce de Leon.....|A noisy crew of mutinous Sepoys.....Mr. Levere
Sancho Ruiz.....|.....Mr. Jackson
Pedro Nino.....|.....Mr. Oliver
Bartolomeo.....|.....Mr. Grahan
Juan Perez, etc.....|.....Mr. Oliver
Isabella, wife of Ferdinand, possessor of half a crown by marriage, and a whole one by right of having to carry its weight on her shoulders.....Miss Duckworth
Columbia, a national debutante, her first appearance on any stage.....Miss Ada Clifton
Little Miss Kansas, a discordant element.....Miss Le Brun
Washington.....Miss Reynolds
The Thirty-three States of the Union.....
By competent representatives
Members of Reception Committee, Aldermen, Disinterested Politicians, State-keepers, Wigwamworkers, Wire-pullers generally, and other natural and artificial curiosities.....
By a squad of Uninitiated Sons of Malta
To conclude with the glorious farce of
DEAF AS A POST.

Capt. Templeton.....Geo. Jordan
Tristram Sappy...G. Holland|Crupper.....Mr. Baker
Mr. Walton.....G. Farren|Gallop.....Mr. Davey
Miss Sophy Walton.....Miss Henrade
Miss Amy Templeton.....Miss Reeves
Mrs. Plumpley.....Mrs. Howard
Sally Maize.....Miss Mary Gannon

A new comedy will shortly be played.

NOTICE.—During the Summer season the doors will be open at 4 seven, and the curtain will rise punctually at eight o'clock, the performance terminating at eleven, thereby enabling visitors to obtain the stages and cars to any part of the city.

Notwithstanding the very heavy outlay which has been incurred to render the Metropolitan Theatre the first dramatic institution in the country, there will be

NO ADVANCE IN THE PRICES,

which will remain at the subjoined popular standard:

Private boxes for ten persons.....$10 00
Private boxes for six persons.....6 00
Balcony chairs—secured seats.....50
Parquet, parquet circle and dress circle.....50
Family circle.....25

Seats may be secured in all of the above places, and also in the dress balcony, which has been elegantly furnished and fitted with chairs, free of extra charge.

A CENTENNIAL SONG.

BY ROBERT MCKAY.

In seventeen and seventy-six—
One hundred years ago—
Columbia's sons an iron rule
Resolved to overthrow;
In Philadelphia they met,
And issued a decree
That henceforth and forever they
Intended to be free!

Chorus.—Hurrah for those brave men, hurrah!
Who gave us liberty!
Hurrah! hurrah! Oh, never may
Their names be forgotten be.

With dauntless hearts they struggled on—
Those noble men of old—
Their deathless names forever are
On glory's scroll enrolled;
On many a bloody field they fought,
Led by that mighty one
Whose name shall never be forgot—
Immortal Washington.

Chorus.—Hurrah for those brave men, hurrah! etc.

Then, when we meet to celebrate
Our first Centennial,
Let us remember those who for
Our sakes relinquished all;
And how, if ever a foreign foe
Across the sea shall come,
Like them to rally in defense
Liberty and home.

Chorus.—Hurrah for those brave men, hurrah! etc.

THE FIRST THEATRICAL PERFORMANCE in New York City on July 4 of which we can find any Record.

The Park Theatre was first opened to the public Jan. 29, 1798, under the lesseeship of John Hodgkinson & William Dunlap. Its first season closed July 4 of that year. The second season, owing to the prevalence of yellow fever, did not commence until Dec. 3, 1798, and William Dunlap then became the sole manager of the theatre. This season closed with the performances of July 4, 1799, when an adaptation of "The Deserter," in the French Language, made by Manager Dunlap, and entitled "The School for Soldiers," was performed for the first time, and with the following cast:

Belamy.....Mr. Cooper|Soleby.....Mr. Jefferson
Mr. Bellamy.....Mr. Tyler|Frederick.....Mr. Leo
Col. Valentine.....Mr. Hogg|Mrs. Melmoth.....Mrs. Melmoth
Capt. Valentine.....Mr. Martin|Clara.....Miss E. Westray

Another piece called "The Temple of Independence," likewise from Mr. Dunlap's pen, filled out the bill. Of the latter we are unable to give the cast. Thomas Abthorp Cooper, the celebrated actor, was receiving at that time a salary of $25 per week; Mr. Tyler, Mr. Martin, Mr. Jefferson and Mrs. Melmoth received like sums; Mr. Hogg, $14; Mr. Lee, $12; and Miss Westray, $18. Mr. Cooper died in Bristol, Pa., April 21, 1849, at the age of nearly 73 years. Joseph Tyler died in this city Jan. 26, 1833, aged 72 years. He acted the night before his death (which was caused by heart disease) the character of General Washington in "The Glory of Columbia." John Hogg also died here Feb. 14, 1813, aged 48 years. John E. Martin likewise died in New York April 16, 1807, aged 37 years. Joseph Jefferson Sr. died in Harrisburg, Pa., Aug. 6, 1832, aged 58 years. Mrs. Melmoth died in this city Sept. 28, 1826, at the age of 74 years. Miss Ellen Westray became Mrs. Ellen Darley in 1801. She retired from the stage in Philadelphia, Pa., about 1822, and died there in 1848 at the age of 69 years.

JUST ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

Serio-comic Song.

DEDICATED TO MISS ISORA CROSS.
BY DAVID PAULDING.

Just one hundred years ago
The bells rang the jubilee
That let the world all know
This country must be free.
We have often read in story
How on battle-fields so gory
Our sires gained immortal glory,
Just one hundred years ago.

No politicians then
Strove our credit to impair,
But our brave liberty men
For freedom did death dare:
And when the cause seemed lost,
They ne'er counted the cost,
But withstood the advancing host,
Just one hundred years ago.

Just one hundred years ago
Thai devoted band of men
Braved the Winter's winds and snow
And Summer's heat and rain;
At their head there stood a man
Who from foeman's steel ne'er ran—
Washington led the van
Just one hundred years ago.

GEORGE CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS in New York July 4, 1860.

This troupe of minstrels then occupied Niblo's Saloon, which is now used as the dining-room of the Metropolitan Hotel. J. A. Herman is keeping a hotel on Long Island; George Christy died in this city May 12, 1868; William Arlington is still before the public; J. W. Hilton died in Liverpool, Eng., Jan. 2, 1871; Myron Lewis is in enforced retirement; Danforth L. Scott was killed in battle at Pittsburg Landing, Tenn., April 15, 1862; Byron Christy died in this city April 6, 1866; M. Campbell is living in retirement in this city; N. Lothian is the leader of the orchestra at the Boston (Mass.) Theatre.

GEO. CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS AT NIBLO'S GARDEN.
WEDNESDAY, JULY 4, 1860.

Grand Matinee, commencing at 2 o'clock, for ladies and children.

PROGRAMME—PART FIRST.

Overture.....Troupe
Opening Chorus—"I Puritani".....Company
"Helen Clare"—new.....J. A. Herman
"Ratcatcher's Daughter".....Geo. Christy
"When I met thee lone ago"—new—composed by.....F. Willmarth
"Gal in Blue".....W. Arlington
"Cottage by the Sea"—second appearance.....J. W. Hilton
Finale.....Company

PART SECOND.

Pas de Fascination.....M. Lewis
Ballad.....F. Willmarth
Fancy Hornpipe.....D. L. Scott
Banjo solo—local.....W. Arlington

GRANNY HEATH AND HER SON BOBBY STUBBS.

Original.....Geo. Christy.
Flutina solo—first appearance.....H. Donnelly
Essence of Old Virginny.....W. Arlington

FIELD OF THE GOLDEN CLOTH,

with a stud of the finest Arabian Morgans, Elnan Allens, and Geo. M. Patchens, imported from Timbuctoo and the adjacent islands at an immense expense.

MLLE. ZO-WHA-ARE-YA, the Oriental Myth, and her beautiful trick-horse Zaidee.

Intermission of fifteen minutes for promenade in the vestibule, where ice cream, confectionery, pastry and iced soda water may be obtained.

Overture.....Orchestra.

To conclude with an entirely original piece, written expressly for Geo. Christy, entitled

MISTAKES OF A NIGHT.

Cousin Dulcimer, professor of the base drum.Geo. Christy
Frederick Augustus Highflyer, an exquisite.Byron Christy
Boss Thomas, landlord of the hotel.....M. Campbell
Jim Brown, his waiter.....W. Arlington
Arabella Langtish, a runaway widow.....M. Lewis
Nancy, landlord's daughter.....N. Lothian

A GRAND MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY AFTERNOON,

commencing at 2 o'clock, for the accommodation of ladies and children.

Doors open at 7—to commence at 8 o'clock.
Prices of admission, 25 cents; children half-price.
Front seats invariably reserved for ladies and gentlemen accompanying them. Gentlemanly ushers will be in attendance. M. C. CAMPBELL, Agent.

"YOU PEDDER LOOG OUD FOR SNYDER!"

TO MY OLD FRIEND DICK STEIRLY.
WRITTEN (WORDS AND MUSIC) BY JOSEPH G. WOOD.

Jake Snyder keebs a cigar store
Ofer on Fourside shreed,
Und efery night in Jakey's place
Dher boys are sure to need:
Dhey blayed a drick on Snyder's "dorg"—
Who vas sdumby-dailed und frisky—
Und sent him "ub in a balloon"
Wid some fireworks und vhisky!

Spoken.—I nefer saw a dorg dreated so pad in my life. Bud I vhill dell you all apoud id in dher next verse; all I vas to say now is—

Chorus.—Dher oder dhay I god a node—
I don'd know who's dher vrider—
Und all id says is dis vonce—
"You pedder loog oud for Snyder!"

Dher poys dhey had a high old dime
In Jake's dher odher night,
Dhey gafe dher dorg some vhisky sdraighd,
Vhich made him a kinder dipsy;
Indo his mouth vone of der growd
Shofed a pig-sized fire-gracker.
Und dhen dher dorg commenced to ghew id ub
Yoosd like id vas dherbacker!

Spoken.—Id vas fun to see dot dorg ghewing on dot firegracker; pud vhen vone of dher poys *hit id—chiming grits!* Dhere vas a explosion! Offer vas all dher growd's clothes sboiled! Id vas der vorsest dorg-asdrophy I efer vitnessed! Of course, vhen dher read of dher poys run oud I run oud, but I subbose dot is dher reason vhy—

Chorus.—Dher odher dhay I god a node, etc.

Lasd nighd I vend do Jakey's place
To puy me a cigar;
Id vas hung ai'round mit guns und dings,
Vood like a "Wils of wes"!
No sooner vas I in dher place
Dhan Snyder oud loud gried "Ah!
You killed my dorg, you'll made me mad,
You pedder loog oud for Snyder!"

Spoken.—I saw righd avhay dot Jakey vas a loonadick on aggound of dot accident mit his dorg. I dried do oggablain id do him, bud he gwick made a fool of me, and dhen I rushed for dher door. A boleceman vas yoosd bassing by, and he ganne in and vanded to know vhad game ve vere blaying; so I dold him. Jakey dole him I vas a game Ab didn't know anyding apoud, and nod to "pok-er" his nose in id or he'd blay der "doose" mid him. Dhen dher boleceman dole him: "You blay dher doose, und I'll use dhis club;" "Vhell," said Snyder, "dhen I'll dake down dot old B-flad gorned und trumpet!" Dher conversation vas gedding doo warm for me, so I "passed" out and left dhem to "go id alone!" Bud I found vone thing, und dot vas dher reason vhy—

Chorus.—Dher odher dhay I god a node, etc.

THE RAVELS IN NIBLO'S GARDEN, N. Y., July 4, 1857.

At times during their performances in this country the Ravel Family divided their forces, Jerome and Antoine heading one troupe and Gabriel and Francois the other. The entire family retired some years ago, and returned to France. We believe that Antoine and Jerome are both dead. Paul Brilliant died in this city May 15, 1864; Joseph Marzetti also died here Oct. 6, 1864; Christian Lehman died in San Francisco, Cal., Aug. 23, 1868; Mme. Marzetti is still before the public; Flora Lehmann, we believe, still lives; Signor La Manna died in Brooklyn, N. Y., March, 12, 1859; M. Leon Espinosa is now a ballet-master in London, Eng. He revisited this country a year or two ago, and was engaged in the Lyceum Theatre, in this city. Fanti and Mme. Axtel returned to Europe some years ago.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.

Tickets, 50c.; the only seats that can be secured in advance are: Private boxes, $5. Orchestra seats, $1.

Doors open at 7—to commence at 8.

SATURDAY EVENING, July 4, 1857.

OUR GLORIOUS FOURTH AND BIRTHDAY OF INDEPENDENCE.

GALA NIGHT BY THE WONDERFUL RAVELS.
Jerome's new comic fairy pantomime,
HARLEQUINO, OR THE MAGIC SWORD.

mounted with new and beautiful scenery, tricks, transformations, costumes, accessories, etc. The cast embraces the wonderful

RAVELS AND THEIR ENTIRE DOUBLE COMPANY.
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Bianco, Don Alfonso's valet.....Antoine Ravel
Don Brocolo, a gardener.....Jerome Ravel
Don Albino, a Spanish cavalier.....E. Angio
Don Alphonso, a young exquisite.....Paul Brilliant
Vaporolo the Unknown.....J. Marzetti
Don Espadossa, father to Hortensa.....C. Lehman
Spectre of Espadossa.....Mr. Jones
Hortensa, daughter of Espadossa.....Flora Lehmann
Spirit of Estella the Beautiful.....Mme. Marzetti
The Genius of Night.....Miss E. Barnet
Guards, gentlemen, soldiers, imps, demons, spirits, etc., by the whole of the coryphees, corps de ballet and auxiliaries.

After the divertisement an intermission of half an hour will be given for promenade and refreshment, during which time the elegant ladies' saloon attached to this establishment will be thrown open, where ices and ice cream of every superior quality will be served. Also the gentlemen's saloon and smoking-room on the south side of the Garden will be open.

The entertainments to commence with the overture by the orchestra. Conductor, Sig. La Manna.

Followed by the comic pantomime of

M. DU TOUPET.

M. Du Toupet, a barber.....M. Leon Espinosa
Chia, charlatan.....Mangin
Le Forte, Mayor of the Village.....Jerome Ravel
Grandon, rich proprietor.....J. Marzetti
Mme. Grandon.....Mme. Axel | An invalid.....M. Axel

MONDAY—the talented and beautiful

SIGNORINA THERESA ROLLA

in grand ballet, and the excellent English vaudeville company.

"SEVEN MILES UNDER THE SEA." Swell Song.

BY JOHN T. RUTLEDGE.

TO BYRON DAVIS, "THE FUNNIEST MAN ALIVE."

I'm a fellow that's quite fond of pleasure—
I take in the sports of the day—
The fun I enjoy beyond measure,
And this is what I wish to say:
Some fellows may like to get married,
And call it "life's sweet harmony;"
But that is not for me, I'd just as soon be
Seven miles under the sea.

I always keep up with the fashion;
My fortune was long ago made,
For money is my greatest passion—
I desire such a thing as a trade.
Some fellows go in for the Navy,
And call it "life easy and free;"
But then, as for me, I'd just as soon be
Seven miles under the sea.

I delight in such things as horse-races,
And baseball to me is "such pie;"
I'm "all on the go" to such places—
In fact, they do quite "take my eye."
Some fellows like they "scribble" and "scribble,"
By their brains try to earn a small fee,
But then, as for me, I'd much rather be
Seven miles under the sea.

Memphis, Tenn., 1876.

THE FOURTH OF JULY in Baltimore, Md., in 1818.

All of the performers mentioned in the appended bill are dead; and as we have on several occasions in past issues given the places and dates of such occurrences, we need not now repeat them.

ANNIVERSARY OF INDEPENDENCE.
BALTIMORE THEATRE.

Last night of performance this season.

SATURDAY EVENING, JULY 4, 1818.

On this evening the theatre will be illuminated, and a new PATRIOTIC TRANSPARENCY,

(designed and executed by Mr. H. Warren, for the occasion), representing an American soldier expiring in the moment of victory. His comrade points out to him the success of the American arms on the hill where the Star-spangled Banner is proudly flying. At the feet of the dying hero lie his broken musket, etc. He lifts his head at the shout of victory, waving his cap in triumph, while the American eagle hovers over him, bearing a scroll inscribed "American Independence."

On this evening will be performed a celebrated comic piece—never acted here—called

BLUE DEVILS.

James Megrim.Mr. Jefferson|James.....Mr. Burke
Demison.....Mr. Francis|Bailiff.....Mr. Thompson
Annette.....|.....Mrs. Burke
After which a favorite patriotic song by Mr. McFarland, a military hornpipe by Mrs. Harris, and "The Star-spangled Banner," to be sung by Mr. McFarland.

After which (first time in this city) a new drama called THE CONQUEST OF TARANTO, Or ST. CLARA'S EVE, written by the author of "The Foundling of the Forest," "Broken Sword," "Ethiop," "Brother and Sister," etc., with new scenery, dresses and decorations. The scenery designed by Mr. H. Warren and executed by him, Mr. Reinagle and assistants. The dances and pageantry under the direction of Mr. Francis and Mr. Durang.

Aben Hamet, Admiral of the Saracen fleet.....Mr. Hughes
Melek.....|Mr. Abercrombie
Charredin.....|Leaders of the Saracens|.....Mr. Jackson
Orphan.....|.....Mr. Thompson
Gonzales de Corduba, Governor of Taranto.....Mr. Warren
Valentio, his kinsman.....Mr. Robertson
Rinaldo, an orphan.....Mr. Barrett
Isidore, a page.....Mrs. Harris
Alfonzolo, a Senator.....Mr. Hashwell
Lacko.....|.....Mr. King
Knights, soldiers, dancers, etc.
Oriana, Gonzales' daughter.....Mrs. Jefferson
Rosalind.....|.....Mrs. Burke
Viola.....|.....Mrs. Blaxton

THE TURF.

POINT BREEZE PARK RACES.

SECOND DAY—MONDAY, JUNE 26.

The weather was fine and pleasant on the second day of the race-meeting of the Point Breeze Association, and the track was in excellent order. The attendance was large, and every one was gratified at the exciting contests witnessed. The management was unexceptionable, and so punctually were the races run that the four events were quickly decided, and the crowd sent back to the city in good time.

The Grand Exposition Stakes was the first race on the day's card, and was for three-year-olds exclusively, at $100 entrance, half forfeit, with $1,000 added by the Association, of which the second received $200, and the third saved his stake; one mile and a half. There was a penalty of 5lb extra for winners of any single three-year-old stake of the value of $3,000. It closed on March 18 with twenty-four subscribers, five of whom were represented at the starting-post. These were W. Astor's Vagrant, W. R. Babcock's Woodland, Col. McDaniel's Virginius, P. Lorillard's Fugitive (hitherto called Bertram), and J. R. Gibney's Coupon. This was a capital field of horses, for Vagrant had won the Phoenix Hotel Stakes at Lexington and the Kentucky Derby at Louisville. Virginius had never sustained defeat during his two-year-old career, and his trainer asserted that he would lower Vagrant's colors whenever the two came together. Unfortunately for the satisfactory decision of the mooted question of superiority between them, Virginius went amiss recently, and was not in good condition when they met together for this race. Mr. P. Lorillard's colt, although he had never appeared in public before, was so highly thought of by the stable that the commission of his owner to back him caused him to become the favorite, pools selling at the following rates:

Vagrant	$165	$175	$130	$60
Fugitive	150	150	200	100
Virginius	80	80	60	30
Field	30	30	90	30

A good start was effected, Woodland being the first to show in front, with Coupon and Fugitive in attendance, Vagrant behind them, and Virginius at the latter's quarters. Woodland and Coupon opened a gap on the others as they went around the turn, Vagrant lapped on Fugitive a couple of lengths off, and Virginius next. The same positions were maintained to the stand, past the quarter-pole and half way along the backstretch, where Vagrant, Virginius and Fugitive all passed Coupon, and as the half-mile pole (the starting-point) was passed, Woodland's lead was reduced to half a length, the first mile having been run in 1:46. On the lower turn Hughes, who was riding Vagrant, let him out, and in a few strides he had cut down his horses and assumed a lead of three lengths. It was now evident that Mr. Astor's colt had the race safe, for both Woodland and Virginius were whipping while Vagrant came striding easily along, and won the race by two lengths in 2:42¾, Woodland beating the McDaniel's black colt a length for second money. Fugitive was fourth, two lengths behind Virginius, and Coupon a dozen lengths in the rear. This was Vagrant's first appearance on the Eastern turf, and it is unfortunate for his owner that he is not engaged in a stake of the three-year-old stakes of the season at Monmouth Park, Eatontown, N. J., this week. It is rumored, however, that his owner would not be unwilling to enter him in a private sweepstakes against Parole, Fiddlestick and Algerine for a large amount at the Saratoga meeting. Value of stakes, $4,851.

The Leamington Stakes, for two-year-olds, $50 entrance, half forfeit, with $500 added by the Association, and $200 extra by Mr. A. Welch, the owner of Leamington, conditional on the winner proving to be a son or daughter of Lexington's horse, was the second race on the card. The distance was a spin once round a mile, and eight highly-bred youngsters, out of the twenty entered, came to the post. These were D. McDaniel's ch. f. by Lexington. A. B. Lewis & Co.'s b. c. Docility, A. Belmont's bk. g. Adonis, H. P. McGrath's br. c. Leonard, P. Lorillard's b. c. Darneley, Oden Bowie's c. f. by Vauxhall, P. Lorillard's br. c. Diamond, and L. A. Hitchcock's b. g. by Virgil. Lorillard's entry had the call, it being rumored that both his colts were better than Idalia, with whom he won the Juvenile Stakes at Jerome Park. Next in demand was the Longfellow colt Leonard. The following is an average of the pools sold:

Lorillard's team	$60	$60	$100	$110	$130
Belmont's	30	45	40		
McGrath's	30	40	50	60	70
The Field	50	65	75	55	65

A good start would have been had but for the rearing of Harry Basset just as the flag fell, which consequently extinguished whatever chance she had of winning. The moment the signal of starting was given, Swim struck spurs into Leonard, and, being quick on his legs, the colt jumped off in front, with Darnley and Diamond close up, and Docility, Adonis and Glasgow distanced. Maintained throughout the short dash, for Leonard, running straight and true, galloped home, without ever having been headed, a winner by three lengths in 50½ seconds, Darnly finishing second, Diamond third, Adonis fourth, and Docility a long way in the rear. Leonard is engaged in all the two-year-old stakes at Monmouth Park and Saratoga, and he is a big, racing-like, and improving colt. The value of the stakes was $1,600.

The Philadelphia Cup was the third race, and was a sweepstakes of $50 each, for all ages, play or pay, with the Association to add $1,000, and the Philadelphia Club $500 extra, of which the second horse had to receive $200, and the third $100. The winner of any cup was to carry 5lb extra, and of the twenty-four subscribers eight were represented at the post, viz., E. A. Clabaugh's Viator, 4yrs., 108lb; P. Lorillard's Shirley, 3yrs., 87lb; H. P. McGrath's Chesapeake, 4yrs., 108lb; and D. McDaniel's Madge, 5yrs., 118lb. Viator was a warm favorite, pools selling as follows:

Viator	$200	$375	$250	Lorillard	$105	$ 65	$105
Chesaneake	120	125	120	Field	60	55	25

Chesapeake took the lead, but soon resigned it to Madge, who made the running at a good pace for the first half mile, Shirley and Viator lengths behind the latter, and Chesapeake at Viator's saddle-girths. Madge soon shot her bolt and retired, Shirley taking up the running, and holding the lead for half a mile, when Chesapeake tackled him, and a slashing fight between the pair ensued until half a mile from home, where the young one was beaten. Holloway now brought up Viator, and, challenging Chesapeake, a most exciting finish ensued, both running under the whip, the favorite at last winning by two lengths in 4:37¾, Chesapeake a dozen lengths before Shirley. Viator pulled up lame on returning to weigh. Value of the stakes, $2,150.

The hurdle race for a purse of $550, two miles, over seven hurdles, was the next number receiving 900, second horse $100, and third $50, brought out four runners: Coronet, 158lb; Bullet, 155lb; Bill Munday 148lb and Stanford, 158lb. Coronet has been performing so brilliantly and successfully in Hyland's hands that he was made a favorite, pools selling as under:

Coronet	$225	$250	$250	The Field	$60	$55	$25
Bullet	110	105	110				

Coronet, attended by Stanford, Bill Munday and Bullet, showed the way over the first two hurdles. At the third hurdle Bill Munday fell and threw Gaffney, who, however, quickly remounted. Coronet led a length over the fourth hurdle, with Stanford second, six lengths before Bullet. Stanford passed Coronet before reaching the fifth hurdle, which he jumped sideways, leading in the field, and the race was now left to Coronet and Bullet, the former winning cleverly by a length in 3:59¼, Bill Munday coming in for third money.

THIRD DAY—TUESDAY, JUNE 27.

A cool, fresh breeze swept over the course during the racing of the third day, affording a pleasant contrast to the sultry temperature that prevailed in the city. Just before the start for the second race of the day, a heavy thunderstorm burst over the track, accompanied with a deluge of rain, which, while it cooled the atmosphere, made the course deep and heavy. The opening race on the day's card of sport was the selling sweepstakes for three-year-olds, $20 each, play or pay, with $400 added by the Association, the second horse to receive $100 out of the stakes. The distance was one mile, and horses entered to be sold for $1,200 were allowed a full weight; for $800, allowed 5lb; for $500, 10lb; for $300, 12lb; all to be sold at auction. There were four starters: Messrs. Davis' Romney, 100lb; M. McEnery's Durango, 97lb; E. A. Clabaugh's Cyril, and D. McDaniel's Sister of Mercy. The pool-betting, although light, was on pretty even terms, the subjoined rates prevailing:

Cyril	$30	$50	$50	Sister of Mercy	$25	$20	$25
Durango	20	30	30	Romney	15	15	15

A good start was had, Cyril and Sister of Mercy racing together in the lead for half a mile, when the latter dropped away beaten, and Durango, coming with a rush, challenged the favorite. The pair raced head-and-head to the club-house, when Durango, unable to stay the pace, fell back, and Cyril won the race by two lengths in 1:47; Romney as far behind Durango, and Sister of Mercy last.

The Handicap Sweepstakes of $25 each, if not declared out, with $500 added by the Association, of which $100 to the second horse, one mile and three-quarters—had four starters, viz., Messrs. Davis' filly May D., 90lb; J. G. Bethune's Burgoo, 108lb; Lawrence's Shylock, 110lb; and J. Fletcher's Hartland, 103lb. Burgoo was made the leading favorite, as it was thought Shylock had not recovered from the severe race he had run the day before. Pools as under:

Burgoo	$70	$200	$180	Hartland	$ 5	$ 5	$ —
Shylock	50	90	90	Field	—	55	40
May D	10						

Just at the start the rainstorm burst over the course, and rendered it very difficult to see the horses. Burgoo took the lead, but was deprived of it by Hartland when they had run a quarter of a mile, the pair racing together for a mile and a quarter. At this juncture Hughes brought up Shylock with a steady rush, took the lead, held it to the finish, and won cleverly by three lengths; Hartland third. As the severity of the rain drove the judges out of the timing-stand, no official time was taken.

The mile-heat race for horses that had not won since May 15, 1876, for a purse of $500 to the first and $100 to the second horse, had six contestants, viz., D. McCarty's Glasgow, 3yrs., 90lb; A. D. Brown's Paladin, 5yrs., 114lb; D. McDaniel's Brother to Bassett, 5yrs., 90lb; Jo. Donahue's Pastor, 5yrs., 90lb, and William Kane's Danville, 5yrs., 90lb. Brother to Bassett was made the favorite, as it was thought he laid over the others in quality as a race-horse, pools selling as under:

Bro. to Bassett	$140	$275	$300	Pastor	$35	$70	$40
Paladin	50	75	65	Field	25	40	40

Brother to Bassett in the first heat made the running throughout from the fall of the flag, and won by two lengths in 1:53½, Pastor second, Paladin third, and Glasgow last. Any odds were now laid that were asked on Brother to Bassett winning. As before, he cut out the running, was never headed, and won the heat and the race by three lengths in 1:53¾, Paladin beating Pastor a dozen lengths for second money, Danville and Glasgow distanced.

The Hunters' Cup, for amateur riders, members of some recognized racing association, for a sweepstakes of $20 each, with $350 added by the Association, one mile and a quarter, over the steeplechase course, had four runners. These were A. S. Andrews' Derby, ridden by Mr. Andrews; Daniel Bray's Jackson, ridden by M. Robinson Jr.; C. H. Townsend's Rummey, ridden by his owner; and R. S. Hindekoper's Artaxerxes, ridden by his owner. Pools sold as under:

Jackson	$35	$65	$50	Rummey	$45	$35	$35
Derby	35	45	30	Artaxerxes	15	20	10

The horsemanship shown by the four contestants was equal to that of professional riders, and surpassed similar riding by gentlemen jockeys seen at Jerome Park. Artaxerxes led over the first five jumps, followed by Rummey, Jackson, and Derby in the order named. Rummey fell at the hurdle opposite the elevator, throwing Mr. Townsend. Derby then closed on the leaders, passed them, and, jumping finely, won the race by six lengths in 3:06; Jackson second, and Artaxerxes, who fell at the last hurdle, third. Messrs. Simmons, Cassatt, and Rogers officiated as judges, and Messrs. Hall and Davis as timers.

FOURTH DAY—WEDNESDAY, JUNE 28.

The fourth and last day brought out the largest attendance of the meeting, which has been a decided success. The track was in good order, having dried rapidly under the hot sun from the previous day's heavy rains. Four races were on the programme, commencing with the Consolation Purse of $400, for horses that had run and been beaten during the meeting; $50 to the second. One mile and a quarter. Seven horses started: McDaniel's Virginius and Jennie L., McEnereny's Durango, Donahue's Pastor, Gibney's Coupon, Bethune's Burgoo, and A. B. Lewis & Co.'s Lady Clipper. They sold as follows in the pools:

McDaniel	$65	$70	$50	$50
Burgoo	55	50	..	..
Lady Clipper	..	25	..	..

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

THE CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that, by a recent change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canadas, *must be prepaid*, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending July 2.

LADIES LIST.

Alexander, Sara
Barry, Virginia E.
Boyd, Nellie
Brown, Mrs. C. M.
Bradley, Leanora
Baker, Minnie (song-and-dance)
Brennan, Mrs.
Brian, Bella
Bland, Edith
Blossom, Mrs. "Nat"
Breyer, Mary
Crisp, Minnie E.
Collins, Mrs. Martha Wren
Carfano, Rose
Clifford, Jennie
Collins, Mrs. H.
Coonan, Rose
Dargon, Miss Ada A. L.
Durgin, Belle
De Angelis, Sallie
Duncan, Hattie
Desmond, Laura
D'Erina, Kate
Dalton, Carrie
Dearden, Fannie
Estelle, Kate
Everett, Cora
Edgarton, Lillie S.
Fiske, May
Fletcher, Kate
Foy Sisters
Gerry, Emma M.
Grayson, Mrs. Jennie Gilbert
Galton, Mad. Pyne (2)
Gardner, Mrs. Jennie
Gilbert, Mrs. A.
Hooker, Fannie
Hampton, Mrs. Louisa
Henri, Flora
Hastings, Lizzie
Herrmann, Mrs. Addie
Hodges, Mrs. J. H.
Harman, Lizzie
Irwin, Mrs. Seiden
Kemp, Alice
Kingsbury, Alice
Lewis, Ida E. (of De Castro's Co.)
Lubin, Mrs. V. (of V. Amburgh's Cir.)
La Fond, Florence
Lillian, Anna Sc.
Langley, Mrs. E. D.
Lotus, Miss S.
Lee, Minnie
Loder, Minnie
Montague, Miss F. S.
Maus, Mrs. Gussie Crayton—
Markley, Edna
Melville, Lillie
Mills, Mollie
McEvoy, Miss G.
Mount, Theresa
Mowery, Nell.
Mitchell, Maggie
Marie, La Belle
Miaco, Mrs. Laura
Morrissey, Cordelia
Newton, Mrs. Chas. E.
Phillips, Adelaide
Peak, Mrs. W.
Pyne, Millie (ballad-ist)
Price, Miss (late of Toronto, Canada)
Peirce, Emma (leading lady)
Rood, Nellie
Robertson, Minnie
Rabert, Miss M.
Renard, Zella
Richards, Alice Sc.
Stanley, Maude
Siegrist, Addie (2)
Sherwood, Alice Sc.
Sauret, Madam
Sidell, Clara
Stanley, Flora
Simpson, Elise
Sheppard, Kattie (of Rentz's Mins.)
Schott, Angeline (2)
Stetson, Evelyn
Turner, Miss Frankie
Valade, Fannie Sc.
Western, Lucille
Whitin, Mrs.
Warren, Clara (statue "biz")
Wood, Aggie
Wheeler, Lizzie Jane
Wren, Martha
Wyman, Lydia A.
Zoerner, Anna
Zittella, Madam

GENTLEMAN'S LIST.

Atchison, Prof. L. D.
Ainsworth, Frank K.
"Agent" (2)
Adams, Edwin
Achcroft, Wm.
Armstrong, Harry J.
Ala, —(gymnast)(2)
Almonte, J.
Goodwin, Chas. M.
Abbey, H. E.
Archer, Chas. (pianist, etc.)
Asmus, Ferdinand
Abecco, Rafaele
Ainsley, "Ned"
Andre, E. A.
Brannan, Alf. (cornetist)
Berger, F. G.
Blossom Brothers
Bisbee, Frank
Bauton, Chas. (musician)
Buchannan, R. (of Piunkett's Co.
Bemis, G. W.
Byrd, J. Edgar
Blake, A. B.
Barr, Geo. (musician)
Barton, Jno. (song-and-dance)
Bennet, Harry
Blood, J. H.
Barry, Jno. (of Castello's Cir.)
Blanchard, Chas. A.
Barton, F. H.
Blair, Wm. (with "Zera")
Bernard, Alfred
Benjamin, Frank L.
Bernardo, — (of Hooley's Minst.)
Brand, T. H.
Brian, Mr. & Mrs. J. J.
Bushnell & Castello
Brannan, A. G. (musician)
Blaisdell, W. B.
Blanchard, W. E.
Bintaur, Stephen
Braham, Harry (comed., etc.)
Brewster, Wm.
Coleman, C. H. (musician)
Crawford, Jno. S.
Cook, — (of Hooley's Minst.)
Chapman, Hi
Crosby, Sam (of Van Amburgh's Cir.)
Crosby, Chas. (acrobat)
Case, Thos. Hc.
Coleman, D. W.
Clark, G. Brooke
Cunningham, H. (with Forepaugh)
Corwin, Mr.
Cook's English Circus
Crowell, H.
Cambridge, A. B.
Chester, Jno.
Catlin, Jno. (drummer).
Caterson, John F.
Clifton, F. R.
Chace, Wm. (of Chace & Davis)
Coon, C. B.
Charles, G. W.
Delehanty, W. H.
Deaig, Geo. J.
De Leon, Leon
Durand, Richard (2)
Donavan, Jas. (gymnast)
De Laven, Chas.
Delehanty & Cummings
Diamond, Charles
Durand, W.
De Wolf, Chas. L.
Dumont, Frank
De Lafayette, Prof.
De Haven, Chas. E. (author and actor)
Dames, H. A.
Dunbar, W. S.
D'Ormer, Mons.
Eagan, J. W.
Euler, B. C.
Emmerson & Clark
Enos, Albert G.
Eunice, Wm.
France, Sid. C.
Farrell, John
Furbish, Chas. E.
Foxwell, H. T.
Forepaugh, H. (of Forepaugh's Cir.)
Fortescue, G. K. (2)
Fasanta, Sig.
Freres, Alberto 3c.
Flynn, J.
Queen's Cir.)
Ferguson, B. (Irish comed.)
Fulton, Jno. (of Barnum's Cir.)
Fox, Jos. (of Fox & Ward)
Fleming, H. Broderick
Fabra, Sig.
Frake, W. W.
Gunn, John P.
Gilbert, James M.
Glassford, A. A.
Gooding, E. D.
Grisel, L. R.
Gale, Geo. L.
Goldsmith, David
Gallaer, A. W.
Gourley, H. H.
Greenwood, Gust.
Gorman, Richard (Dutch "biz")
Goss & Fox
Horn, W. W.
Hedges, Thos. (vocalist)
Hustorn, Ed.
Hartwell, J. E.
Huffman, J. E. (of European Cir.)
Howard, Rollin
Huntley, J. H.
Howe, Ry. M.
Hill, John W.
Heywood Bros.
Haverly, Frank
Howard, Wm. (cloggist)
Hawkins, J. (of Hawkins & Murphy)
Howe, Rockwood M.
Harwood, W. E.
Harrigan, Ed.
Hill, C. A.
Himmel, Chas.
Hickey, Thos. (agent)
Harris, J. (of Harris' Minstrels)
Herndon, T. J.
Hughes, Mark
Hepp, Joseph
Herbert, Eugene
Hooley, R. (with Heywood Bros.)
Hopper, J. (with G. Grady)
Herbert, F. (of Warner Cir.)
Humphries, W. (of "MacEv's Hib.")
Hernandez, Arthur
Hodgkinson, (of Howe's Cir.)
Jordan, M. J.
Jones, Frank
Jones, Arnold
Junod, C. F.
Jackson, B. F. 6c.
Jenkins, J. (of Miller's, Cheyenne)
King, R. H.
Kent, Frank
Keller, Frank L.
Kendall, H. H.
Keane, J. H.
Kent, J. (all)
Kelly, D. (late of Josh Hart's Co.)
Kunkell, Mr.
Kersell, Jno.
Sackett, J. Edwin
Swanton, Fred. H.
Spyer, Fred. C.
Stickney, Robert
Stevens, R. E.
Soldene, Edwin
Sanford, Jos. (gymnast)
Stowe, Frank (show "biz")
Salsbury, N. ("Troubadors")
Sperra, H. E.
Shelly, M. M.
Southwell, Geo.
Taylor, Leon (2)
Thompson, "Den" Sc.
Vincent, S. H.
Varrey, Edwin
Watson, Saml. (clowns)
Worden, F. (of Worden & Mack)
Wiley, L. H.
Wilson, F. of (Cooper & Bailey's Cir.)
White, — (of White's Minst.)
Whelan, Thos.
Washburn, E. S.
Whitney, P. W.
Wilson, George E. (manager)
West, "Lew"
Wilson, Jno. (of Robinson's Cir.)
Whitmore, Walter S.
White, W. (of Varieties, Decatur, Ill.)
Wood & West
Wood, John A.
Whitney, Chas. & Annie
Wild, John
Whitman, F. J.
Willis, Frank E.
Waiers, "Lew" H. (2)
Wilcox, J.
Wachtel, Herr
Welling, Albert (minst. "biz")
Wilson, Geo.
Watson, Mr. (manfish)
Watson, J. (of Nottingham, Eng.)
Winchell, Ed.
Ware, George (2)
Wright, Barry
Young, Wm. H.

THERE WERE TWO LETTERS in the Wheeling (W. Va.) Post-office up to June 28, addressed to "Mrs. Merry" and "Mrs. Circus."

HARRY CRILL, of J. E. Warner's Circus, is notified of a letter awaiting him at the Spencer (Ind.) Post-office.

THE FOLLOWING values are advised of letters awaiting their orders at the Burlington (Iowa) Post-office: J. H. Perry, A. R. Morris (2) Lydia Rosa, and James Heywood.

THE FOLLOWING LETTERS for professionals are in the Grand Rapids (Mich.) Post-office: G. A. Sawin, agent; E. E. Kidder, Con. T. Murphy, Fred. R. Wren, "Nate" Saulsburgh, Harry Condon, James Taylor, and Al. Bentiz. There are also letters there for the following members of L. B. Lent's Circus: L. B. Lent (4), H. H. Marlott (2), Jas. Howell (2), W. E. Wiggins, and James C. Reynolds.

INTRODUCTORY OVERTURE.

MONDAY, July 3, '76.

When, in the course of theatrical events, it becomes necessary for one set of performers to go back on the contracts which bound them to an overbearing manager, and to join the full strength of the forces holding allegiance to another entrepeneur, and to assume among the dramatic powers of the theatrical firmament the independent status to which the laws of nature entitle them, decent respect for the opinion of the habitues of the house and the critics of the public press requires that they, the poor players, should declare the causes which impel them to the separation: We hold these truths to be self-evident—that all theatrical people in the American confederacy are created equal; that they are endowed with certain artistic rights and talents of no mean order—that among these are one-half clear benefit annually, liberty to accept or reject parts allotted to them, and the general pursuit of a comfortable living and unalienable happiness. That to secure these rights contracts are instituted among men and managers, deriving their legitimate powers from the consent of the respective classes; that whenever any form of contract becomes destructive of the best interests of the actor, it is the right of the players to alter that contract, or to abolish the manager and his work to force its baleful effects upon a patient people, and to engage a new management, organizing its principles in such form as shall insure a living salary, the regular periodical walks of the ghost, and a certain line of business from which there shall be no deviation, except it may be a voluntary act of kindness to relieve the governing classes from mortification and disaster. Prudence, indeed, will dictate that old-established laws should not be changed for light and trifling causes; and all experience hath shown that public performers are more disposed to suffer where managerial evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by throwing up their parts during the long and successful run of a society drama or of a play of extraordinary contemporaneous human interest. But when a long train of managerial abuses and dictatorial usurpations, pursuing invariably the same leading man, the same heavy villain, or the identical comical comedian, evince a design to reduce salaries, fix benefits when everybody is out of town during hot weather, to cast the leading man for juveniles, the tragedienne for soubrettes, the light comedian for midnight assassins, and the character-actor for the gentleman who announces the waiting of the carriage, it is their right, it is their duty, to skip the gutter, as it were—to throw up their detestable parts, to pull down their vests, and to announce the kind of hairpins they intend to be for the next Fall and Winter campaign. Such has been the patient sufferance of many provincial as well as metropolitan performers, and such now is the necessity which constrains them to alter their former contracts and to shoot the hat of the managerial director of amusements. The history of the American stage is a history of repeated injuries and usurpation by the snide, fakir, and fly-by-night speculator, all having for their object the establishment of an absolute tyranny over the legitimate actor. To prove this, let facts be submitted to a candid constituency: He has got up a snap party for a tour of the States, without having as much as a trade dollar behind him. He has taken these poor players into remote places, and left them to the mercies of rapacious landlords. He has announced attractions which he did not possess, and when the house was jammed, and the money safe in his hands, he has jumped the bounty, and left the company to attend the funeral as chief mourners. He has made stands at places remote from civilization, raked in the mopusses without giving his fair-famed troupe a small piece of the pie, and has failed even to put 'em on the right track for their long and wearisome walk home. He has wrung in his sweet love of a third-rower and made her usurp the functions of the leading lady, to the great disgust of the latter, and to the scandal of the profession. He has put up the names of his people for benefits, and taken all the money himself. He has engaged the players for a season of forty-two weeks, and closed the season at the expiration of one month, at his own option. He has filled his house with deadheads, and made his actors pay for every friend they passed in. He has subsidized the public press by placing the critics on his salary list, and writing his own notices as an equivalent for the same. He has introduced ballet-girls upon the stage not for merit, but because of their forced exposure of the best form divine. He has quartered large bodies of deadheads upon us, and is even now importing large numbers of foreign adventurers to take our places, and thus complete the work of death. He has run down salaries, and imposed cotton oranges upon his performers when the text calls for the Simon-pure article. He has stolen the scene-painters of managers with whom we were at peace, and has made them do duty against the very people who have lifted them out of their obscurity. He has excited insurrection among other troupes in order that he might profit by the mutiny before they tumbled to it. In every stage of these oppressions we have petitioned for redress in the most humble terms, and yet he continued to keep up the racket. And such a man is unfit to be the manager of a free people. Nor have we been wanting in attention to our imported brethren. We have warned them from time to time to remain where they belong, and not to come here to take the bread and butter out of the mouths of our wives and children; but our warnings have only been answered by their exclamations of "Cheese it!" We must, therefore, in the face of these usurpations, these abuses, these insults, and these barbarous acts of an illegitimate ancestry, acquiesce in the necessity which announces this new departure, and stand upon a platform, with a hard and soft plank in its construction. We, therefore, representative actors of the United States of America, in New York assembled, during the coming-together of managers and people in the off-weeks of the Summer solstice, do, in the name and by authority of the good patrons of the theatres, solemnly publish and declare, through the columns of THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, the recognized organ of theatricals in America, that these actors are, and of right ought to be, freely and better paid; that they shall not hereafter be compelled to perform more than six evening's labor in the houses during any one week; and that, as free and independent actors, they have power to separate from, and levy war upon, any pernicious fly-by-night who does not hold these truths to be self-evident. And we hereby mutually pledge our lives, our honors, and, probably, our unhypothecated property to the Thalian muse by James; but it is rather too early for you to attempt to put into operation *your* declaration of independence. Remember that when "duty calls 'tis ours to obey." You will be let off in ample time to carry a torch in the great procession tonight ..... "Kerry Gow" is chalked solely by Joe Murphy; but we find "*Raymond*" *Dressed*. While on this subject, let us state that Murphy, as the *horseshoer, does* shoe the *horse sure!*.....Henry V" has had a high old time of it in San Francisco, where two houses claimed him for their own. Out there they made as great an ado over England's Henry as we did last year over Brooklyn's Henry. Jimmy, how is she to-day? "Tired; feered she's goin' to be kept at work on the glorious 4th." Is she capable of turning out a few sentiments about "Henry V?" "She is as capable as she is honest. Shall I let her out?" Just a trifle.

ON THE SLOPE

Oh, well might Shakespeare's honest bones
Have turned from *grate* to gay
When San Francisco was ablaze
About the famous play—
When Barrett, in a *lightning* train,
Had quickly *thundered* in,
Only to find that Rignold there
Was Warding in to win,
And then the row about the scenes
That Voegtlin had designed!
Immortal Bill, how you would have loved
You might have lost your mind!

.....Musicians *ought* to be rich, as they are always *seeking for tunes!*..... Wirt Sikes has gone to be United States Consul at Cardiff. He cannot properly salute the Cardiff gals; but, nevertheless, he will make his mark. When the gentleman was first nominated, the wise virgins of the press sought to make a butt of him: yet Sikesy didn't take the butt, in this instance, but accepted the office instead, and thus turned the nozzle on his assailants..... Everybody is shutting up shop, and closing from the 4th. In fact, the 4th may be said to have commenced on the 1st. A few places of amusement will give performances to-morrow, but the free show out-of-doors will no doubt monopolize the business.

With soldiers, guns, fireworks, processions and noise,
The chance for excitement is anything but small.
For all will admit such a *rousing array*
Is capable, fully, of *raising a row!*

.....Ice has been found to be a precious thing, as was plainly demonstrated a few days ago, when, in an attempt to "inflate" Mr. Coup's tank at Broadway and Thirty-fifth street, one portion of the wall was forced out by the pressure of the water, and there is no knowing what would have been the fate of the whales if they had not died the week before..... The event has spelt a season of ice cream and cool indoor amusements, even "the coolest theatres in the city" feeling the deleterious effects of the great heat. A number of our performers suggested that some enterprising manager with capital might do well by organizing a combination troupe to go on an expedition in addition to the Ice Trust, starting with their ship loaded with ice was named as a good idea, ice being in great demand here, at high prices, while up there it can be had for the cutting. The manager with capital is favorable to a snap of some sort, but he thinks that the Polar route would be too cold a snap for him just now!.....The young ladies at the Parisian Varieties will be attired in costumes suited to the weather last week, and the heat seemed to have no effect upon them as they floated in the mazy dance, and ambled in the zephyr nebulæ of caloric vapors. It is good to have a dancer in the dog-days..... And now it appears that Miss Rose Eytinge was not accountable for her recent unsuccessful attempt at suicide.....They are here, managers and people, and the way they are negotiating one another is frightful to behold. All sections of the country are represented, this being the season when theatricals are dull, and managers take advantage of the occasion to recruit for the next campaign. The players, as they encounter one another on the Rialto of some thirst-assuaging hotel, recount their adventures and experience of the season just closed, and open their minds as to their chances of success for the incoming administration of theatrical affairs. In honor of the hundredth anniversary of our national independence we offer the dear reader the following free and fanciful lines concerning the profession, and their impressions of themselves and their workers on the Thespian boards. It might be mentioned, with reasonable truth, that this beautiful poem was written and composed by our own artist on the spot, while he was simmering around among the boys, and gathering up the odd remarks that were made from time to time. Read what he has to say about

THE PLAYERS.

From every corner of the land,
Where'er the Summer solstice reigns,
They hither fly—we see once more
The "natty" coats, the sportive canes.
Their laughter makes a pleasant sound,
Their conversation floats upon the air;
They stand in "moist and merry" throngs,
Monopolizing Union-square!

"Old Diggins was a perfect brick—
He paid the people every cent."
"I never had a decent part:
I'm deuced sorry that I went."
"You didn't see my wife's divine?
My boy, she made the season's hit."
"I caught the people, every time:
But Booth's was jealous, so I quit."
Iago and Othello here
Talk gayly of another age,
While clustering near them can be seen
The "*tights*" (and "*hearies*") of the stage
These, with the very best intents,
Will chase the managers for days,
Who, though they may be somewhat curt
Always say "*hopeful*" ways!

"I wouldn't play the part, and so
Old Jenkins got it—not a laugh."
"What! *he* a manager? O Lord!
He couldn't run a 'penny gaff.'"
"Well, I haven't settled yet—
I've half a dozen things in view."
"*I've* got a little Summer snap,
Perhaps I might arrange for *you*."
The "agencies" are bubbling o'er
With throngs of ever-varying mein,
While ladies in their airy robes
Add life and "*shade*" to the scene.
Ophelia, in a walking-dress,
With merry chat King Lear delights;
While here Mazeppa talks of "ferns"
Without the lice and minus tights.
September is a welcome month—
'Tis then the artists hasten hence—
For salaries will await their calls
And fortune labors recompence—
Labors that bring a good reward
In cash, applause and true delight,
And, well directed, through the year
Are mighty in the cause of Right.

CITY SUMMARY.

KELLY & LEON'S MINSTRELS gave the same programme as they had performed the previous week. The salient features were the burlesques of "Norma" and "The Two Off-uns." This week an entire change will be made in the entertainments, and Leon will act Gilberte in a burlesque entitled "Frow Frow," "Sir Dan O'Pallas, or the Chief of the Assyrian Jim Jams," is underlined for future production.

JOLLY NASH and the Brian Family sailed for England in the steamship Hindoo on July 1.

GEORGE DEVERE and wife, Richard Marston and wife, Mrs. M. A. Crabtree and Master George W. Crabtree were passengers in the steamship Italy, which sailed for England July 1.

THE PARK THEATRE closed for the season on July 1.

MISS SOPHIE MILES is the star this week at the Bowery Theatre.

THE SUYDAM BROTHERS are the fresh people at the Parisian Varieties July 3.

F. J. FELLOY, business-manager of Mme. Janauschek, arrived from Australia on July 1.

ROBERT FRASER is to have a complimentary benefit at the Olympic Theatre on the afternoon and evening of July 8, when "Humpty Dumpty" will be performed for the last time. Numerous volunteers are to appear.

MISS ADELE, dancer, has been engaged by Augustin Daly, and will shortly appear at the Fifth-avenue Theatre.

GEORGE RIGNOLD telegraphed on July 1 from San Francisco, Cal., to the directors of the Central Dispensary in this city that he had started for New York. He comes hither to act Romeo at the Academy of Music on July 8, for the benefit of the N. Y. Central Dispensary, and then at once returns to San Francisco, and sails from there to Australia.

COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN advertises open dates for Miss Lizzie Walton in her equestrian drama of "Jesse."

AT GILMORE'S GARDEN a special performance took place Sunday evening, when the German Centennial Sanger Verbund, with the orchestra, rehearsed the pieces to be sung July 4 at the celebration in Union square. Mme. Pappenheim, Messrs. Bischoff and Remmertz twin sisters French, Keating and Sands, continues to engross a full share of patronage, good music and the attractive surroundings proving potent enough to draw a large proportion of amusement-seekers to this resort.

TONY PASTOR'S THEATRE is to be reopened for a brief Summer season on July 3. The company will include the twin sisters French, Keating and Sands, Larry Tooley, Andy Collom, Ella Mayo, Herr Schultz, Niles and Evans, Charles Diamond, John Gilbert, Lou Sanford, Sadie Deshon, Clark Gibbs, and Harry Phillips. The prices will be 15 cents, 25 cents, 50 cents and $1. Matinees will be given every day this week, and the evening performances on July 4 will not commence until ten o'clock.

THE MISSES ELIZA AND JENNIE WEATHERSBY arrived from England July 1 in the steamship Germanic.

FRANK NOYES arrived in town during the past week. He is to leave on Wednesday next for the Adirondacks where he will pass the Summer.

AT THE OLYMPIC THEATRE the fresh attractions introduced in "Humpty Dumpty" June 26 were Bertha Rowe, a fair vocalist, who sang popular songs, and a comic operetta entitled "The Bamboos," which was performed for the first time in America. Mlle. Delphine Pascal gave a charming portrayal of the character of M. Bamboo, Governor of St. Domingo, a colored gentleman of excellent habits and totally devoid of free-love propensities, while Mlle. Julie Pascal acted, with much naivete and *chic*, Mme. Bamboo, a lovely young creole, who believes in free-love. The music was sparkling, and the entire entertainment was a marked success. A new composition by J. R. Thomas, entitled "Haunting Eyes," was effectively sung by Mr. Holdsworth as the solo-vocalist, and Messrs. Griffin, Holdsworth, Lee and Merritt as a quartet. Seamon and Somers, clever exponents of song-and-dance, gave exhibitions of their abilities, which greatly pleased the spectators. Extra matinees are announced for July 3, 4.

BILLY BARRY'S COMBINATION, including, besides that popular comedian, Larry Tooley, Wash. Norton, James Quinn, Eugene Blitz, John D. Griffin, Tierney and Cronin, Eva West and Mollie De Mar, began a week's engagement at the Bowery Theatre June 26. Each performer gave the best of his specialties, and an entire change of olio was made on Thursday. The two-act drama of "The Pirate of the Isles," with F. A. Tannehill and Mrs. W. G. Jones in the chief characters, supplemented the variety olio until Thursday evening, when "The Fatal Marksman" was produced and acted the rest of the week.

HERNANDEZ FOSTER was the star last week at Wood's Museum, performing at the matinee as well as the evening entertainments. "Harkaway Among the Brigands" was acted the first three evenings of the week and at the Wednesday matinee, and "Harkaway Afloat and Ashore" was given the last three and at the Saturday matinee. "Robinson Crusoe" formed the attraction at the other matinees. This week the Albert Aiken Combination is to perform in "The Molly Maguires."

"PIQUE" is given at every performance at the Fifth-avenue Theatre during the expired week, and its last nights are now positively announced. A matinee is announced for July 4, when "Pique" will be acted.

R. W. BUTLER has abandoned the idea of reopening the Globe Theatre on July 3.

FIRE AMONG THE MINSTRELS.—The lace window curtains of the third-story room of the house No. 414 West Forty-third street, occupied by Edwin Lester, comedian, and J. H. Surridge, vocalist, of Kelly & Leon's Minstrels, took fire about two o'clock on Thursday morning last, from a gas jet which had been left burning, and the blazing fragments, falling upon the bed, set fire to the coverings of the sleepers. Mr. Surridge, one of the instrumentalists of the troupe, who has a room in the same house, saw the fire, and, forcing an entrance to the apartment, awoke the occupants and aided them in extinguishing the flames. The hands of all three gentlemen were badly burned, and Mr. Clinton was unable to play his instrument the following night.

AN APPEAL TO THE CHARITABLE.—The wife of Charles Howard the Ethiopian comedian, who is professionally known as Carrie Gardener, informs us that she is lying very ill at her mother's residence, No. 304 East Forty-ninth street, this city; that during her illness she has been nearly blind, but is gradually recovering her eyesight. The smallest favors in the way of assistance from her professional friends will be thankfully received by her, as she is very much in need of aid. Communications can be sent to the above address.

JOSEPH MURPHY closed his engagement at the Park Theatre July 1, and "The Kerry Gow" was then acted for the last times at that theatre.

FRANCISCO MARTY Y GUTIERREZ, proprietor of the Tacon Theatre, Havana, Cuba, is in the city, and residing at the Clarendon Hotel.

THE EXTREME HEAT which prevailed during the past week, together with the stringency of the times, had a depressing effect upon all of our places of amusement, and in most theatres the vacant chairs by far outnumbered those that were filled.

JAQUES OFFENBACH arrived from Philadelphia, Pa., June 29.

GEORGE HONEY the English comedian is in town.

THE BERGER FAMILY and Sol Smith Russell are to commence their annual tour Aug. 7. Fred C. Berger has been in the city the past three weeks, engaging talent and arranging for a new wardrobe, which he will make his mark. When the gentleman was first nominated, the wise virgins of the press sought to make a butt of him: yet Sikesy didn't take the butt, in this instance, but accepted the office instead, and thus turned the nozzle on his assailants..... Everybody is shutting up shop, and closing from the 4th. In fact, the 4th may be said to have commenced on the 1st. A few places of amusement will give performances to-morrow, but the free show out-of-doors will no doubt monopolize the business.

THE THIRD-AVENUE THEATRE closed abruptly for the season on July 1. A grand Centennial demonstration had been arranged for July 4, consisting of a display of fireworks; Harry Leslie to cross Third avenue on a tight-rope; and a distribution of houses and lots in Garden City, L. I., watches and greenbacks, among the patrons of the theatre; but owing to the light attendance for the past few weeks the manager decided to close the theatre as above stated, and postpone the Centennial demonstration. The theatre is to remain closed until Aug. 26. Miss Lillie De Corsa was the only fresh appearance the past week, and she met with fair success in singing serio-comic songs. The programme also included banjo songs by George Warren; jig dancing by the Warren Sisters; J. W. McAndrews as the "Watermelon Man;" Harry Leslie gave "Cellar-ary" and other serio-comic songs by Lillie Hall; Harry Leslie in his specialties; and the sketches of "Tom and Jerry," "He Couldn't See It," "He Carries a Razor," and "A Big Mistake," in which C. F. Seabert and William Warren, not otherwise seen, took part.

WILLIAM EMERIL, Keating and Sands, and Harry Sheldon were the reinforcements at the Parisian Varieties on June 26. J. S. Romer did a burlesque prima-donna act, and later was seen with his partner in Dutch songs-and-dances; Keating and Sands gave a musical moke act and displayed considerable skill in playing upon various instruments; Harry Sheldon gave a number of difficult juggling feats quite skillfully. Besides these Minnie Hall gave male character songs; Frank Steele repeated the songs he sang during the previous week; Emily Prior sang ballads; Rose Keene and William Forrester sang operatic selections and performed the musical sketch of "No!" John Gourlay sang character songs; Horace Weston gave banjo songs; and a new farce called "Mr. X," and the sketches, ballets, and living tableaux as given during the previous week filled out the bill.

MUSICAL NOTES.—The last of the series, for this season, of the free organ recitals given by Henry Carter at Trinity Church took place on Thursday afternoon last. These gratuitous concerts have been attended from its first, and Mr. Carter deserves at the least a word of praise for having presented so many opportunities to the general public for studying the best class of compositions. The numbers of the various programmes were culled from the works of the leading musical minds, and to them were given an interpretation by Organist Carter and others that rendered the whole, as an effect, the development of a purer taste and a clearer conception of the high forms of composition.....The Philharmonic Society have elected Dr. Leopold Damrosch as conductor, and G. Matzka, F. Rietzel, F. Bergner, J. Mosenthal, A. Hoch and A. Robbelen directors for the ensuing year.

DRAMATIC
Managers, Agents, Doorkeepers, and Others

Are respectfully requested not to extend any courtesies or information to persons claiming to be correspondents of THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, unless they are furnished with a letter of introduction, signed by the proprietor of the paper, with the stamp of the office, and date of March 1, 1876, affixed thereunto, each card running for six months. Every authorized correspondent is supplied with a card of the above description, and has no authority to use any other upon our behalf. Managers will save themselves from imposition by demanding an exhibition of said card, and refusing on any excuse whatever for the non-production. The card is not transferable; and, if it be presented by any person other than the one whose name it bears, managers and others will confer a favor if they will retain it and mail it to this office.

Persons applying for the position of correspondent are respectfully requested to consider SILENCE A NEGATIVE.

THE WALLACE SISTERS are doing a fair business at the Opera-house, St. Louis, Mo. "Jacquette" was presented for the last time during the engagement on June 27, and on the 28th the more familiar play of "Minnie's Luck" was given with the full cast. In it are introduced the songs, dances and musical specialties of the sisters. H. Jones, George Grey, R. C. Grierson, Charles Krone and Gracie Jones, of the old Opera-house company, rendered efficient support. The engagement of the Wallace Sisters closes with the performance of July 4, after which the house will remain closed until some of the Summer traveling combinations come along. Letter of June 29.

THE KENDALL COMEDY COMPANY will close a prosperous season of fifty weeks, without losing a night, at Marshalltown, Ia., July 4.

HENRY RUSSELL, the veteran actor, has been re-engaged for his fourth year with the Kendall Comedy Company.

A YOUNG LADY, whose name we are not at liberty to disclose at present, is to make her debut in tragedy at the Arch-street Theatre, Philadelphia, Pa., July 17.

A DANCING BALLET is wanted at Niblo's Garden, this city, which is advertised to open shortly under the management of Chas. E. Arnold, with Benson Sherwood, director, and A. Blandowski ballet-master.

MISS JULIA COVENTRY, soubrette, juveniles or burlesque, is open for an engagement for next season. See card.

MARCUS MORIARTY, walking-gents, juveniles or heavies, late of McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, is open for an engagement. See card.

DR. S. M. LANDIS advertises for a manager with capital.

MISS MINNIE DOYLE, who, together with Harry Gwynette and others, recently returned from the West Indies, whither they went as members of Gwynette & Grant's Dramatic Company, intends revisiting the West Indies with a company under her own management.

TROY, N. Y., will be amusementless on the Fourth-of-July, so far as indoor entertainments are concerned, the first time such a condition of things has existed since her incorporation.

J. R. GRISMER and M. B. Curtis, late members of the Grand Opera-house, Toronto, Ont., recently took a dramatic company through the small towns of Canada to play "Speculation," but failed to meet expenses, Grismer making off per parte unknown. He was, however, met in Hamilton by a Toronto detective, and made to settle up accounts. Letter of June 29.

GEORGE CLARKE writes us from Paris, France, under date of June 20, that he is "doing" the Continent pretty thoroughly. He is to open at the St. James' Theatre, London, Eng., under Mrs. John Wood's management, in September next, in a piece translated from the French.

ELIZABETH, wife of Joseph E. Jackson, theatrical show-bill printer of Philadelphia, died suddenly in that city on Tuesday, June 27. The funeral services took place at her late residence, 2,026 Fitzwater street, Philadelphia, at 7½ o'clock on Thursday evening, and the remains were taken to Brooklyn for interment.

ALLEN'S SPECTACULAR BURLESQUE ORGANIZATION, under the management of William Lawrence Allen, performed in Clinton, Ia., June 26, Dubuque 27, 28, La Crosse, Wis., 29, Winona, Minn., 30, Red Wing July 1, St. Paul the entire Fourth of July week, with matinee Saturday. The season will close on or about Aug. 1, and the company will be reorganized about the middle of September. The company includes Mr. and Mrs. Geo. A. Florance, Mme. St. Felix, Misses. Leonora, Charlotte, Clementine and Henrietta St. Felix; the Misses Lottie La Point, Flora Baker, May Treat, Minnie Florance, Jessie Irving, Lydia Johnson, Mattie E. Allen; Messrs. Billy Chace, Lon Davis, Harry Hight and C. T. Allen. Henry E. Wheeler is the business-manager.

TERRIBLE DEATH OF AN ACTRESS.—Miss Louise Hawthorne, between two and three o'clock on the morning of June 28, fell from the window of her room in the sixth story of the Tremont House, in Chicago, Ill., and was instantly killed upon the pavement below. She was to have left Chicago that morning for New York, her trunks being packed and her railroad ticket bought. She had passed a portion of the previous evening in Hooley's Theatre, where the Union-square Theatre Company of New York were performing "The Two Orphans;" but left at the close of the third act; and, returning to her hotel, went to the room of Miss Kate Girard, a member of the Union-square Theatre Company, who had been in ill-health for a few days, and during that time Miss Hawthorne had been in almost constant attendance upon her. There were other friends of the young lady in the room, and after the close of the performances at the theatre several members of the company came in. As the night advanced the social circle grew smaller, but Miss Hawthorne was the last to leave. After arranging some medicine for the invalid she bade her good-night, and left for her own room about one o'clock A. M.

A little before three o'clock the bell of Miss Hawthorne's room was rung in the office, and a bell-boy responded to the summons. The boy knocked several times at the door of the room, and, getting no answer, went down to the office and reported. One of the clerks then went to the room, and, after knocking and receiving no answer, turned the knob, and, finding the door unlocked, walked in. He called "Miss Hawthorne," and, receiving no answer, called again. The two windows in the room were open, and the gas-burners were all lighted. The covers of the bed were thrown back, and the bed presented the appearance of having been lain upon. Again he pronounced the lady's name, and, receiving no response, he looked into an adjoining small room, and, finding no signs of her, he then looked out of the window; but all was dark, and he heard no sound. Directly below the window there is a clear fall of seven stories to a paved court-yard, between the walls of the hotel building. The clerk then hastened to the rooms of some of Miss Hawthorne's friends and roused them. They went to her room, and, as if by a common impulse, pushed about the tapestry and lace curtains of one of the windows, and ejaculated: "She has fallen out of the window!" A descent was made to the basement of the hotel, and a lantern having been procured, a door leading to the court-yard was discovered to which there was a key. Upon opening this door the light from the bull's-eye of the lantern streamed across the court-yard, and revealed the body of a woman, in a white wrapper spattered with blood, lying upon the pavement. The face was hidden, the hands were pressed flatly upon the flagging, and her long brown hair, streaming over her wrapper, concealed from view the sickening spectacle beneath. The body was immediately raised, the head fell forward, a bloody mass was brought to view, and a dark red stream of blood gushed forth. Life was extinct, and it is probable that her death was instantaneous. The body was carried into the hotel and placed upon a table. When the gas was lit the full reality of the terrible accident became apparent. Of her features nothing was recognizable. After an application of water, it was discovered that the right side of the skull was smashed in. Half of the forehead, the entire right eye, in short, a whole fourth of the skull was gone, the opening being so large that the brain had slipped out. Miss Hawthorne still wore a light basque of gray material, trimmed with large silk buttons, and over that a loose and flowing wrapper of dark white camaric. The fall had burst the basque across the breast and under the arms, and the wrapper across the back. Sheets were brought, the remains were covered from view, and the company separated for the night. James O'Neill of the Union-square Theatre Company took charge of the deceased lady's effects, and ordered her trunks to be sealed. He telegraphed for an undertaker and to the deceased's husband, George Morton, whom she expected to have joined in this city. An inquest was held in one of the parlors of the Tremont House, and the night-clerk, the bell-boy, Mr. Chapman, the treasurer of Hooley's Theatre, and Mr. Ledlie, who knew anything about the melancholy affair, testified to what they knew before the jury. The result was that, after due deliberation, the jury returned a verdict to the effect that the deceased came to her death by falling accidentally from the window of her room situ e the paved court below the Tremont Hotel. After this verdict was rendered the remains were removed and cared for, and finally consigned to the care of Mr. C. H. Jordan, the undertaker. For a few days Miss Hawthorne had been slightly indisposed. She was accustomed to attacks of dizziness, suggested by rush of blood to the head, which attacks have been frequent, and she had been furnished with a prescription. It is supposed she was attacked in the night, and, after ringing for assistance, had reached the window for fresh air.

Philadelphia, prising Cen- Cheap Lodg- -and-dances. Leon Famil- in character clever ven- ts, conclud- e Brooklyn Henry 10 usiness fair, rk, N. J., resent com- t Cremorne nite period. the Cooper closed after not known. Lord, song- usiness has .....At the were Dan ch artists, owing to ng a bron- for her to pting it on in negro izzie Byron songs neat ch sketches ed nightly. tres July 1; s; Niles and ford, to her nmer. An- Loder, Marie ll during the of a Night with an olio om and Wil- sonator, R. At the Colis- Adrienne o. W. Wood, Cain. Clos- ch, and Gil- neti Bros., Bros. Bust-

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AQUATIC.

THE GREAT ENGLISH SCULLING MATCHES.

Thomas and Winship — Higgins and Boyd.

The month of June just passed was a memorable one in the rowing annals of old England, where the sport has for many years been so well fostered, and where so many first-class oarsmen have been and are being brought to light continually. No less than three very important sculling matches have been decided on the bosom of Father Thames within the past fortnight, the bare results of which, as conveyed by Atlantic cable, have been given in former issues. Our latest batch of foreign exchanges, however, contain full particulars, which we reproduce from *The Sporting Life*, commencing with the contest between

HENRY THOMAS AND THOMAS WINSHIP,

the former representing the Thames and the latter the Tyne, which was rowed from Putney to Mortlake on Monday, June 19. Of Winship it is not necessary to say much. His career has been a long one, and as an oarsman he has had an abundant measure of success, though as a sculler he has never been able to get into the first rank, as he seemed likely to do at one time. His best sculling performance was when he defeated W. Biffen of Hammersmith, four years ago; but it is chiefly through his long connection with Tyne four-oared crews and their victories at home and abroad, in England and America, that his great reputation has been gained. He is now thirty-two years old, is 5ft. 7in. in height, and weighed on Monday 155lb. Though Thomas, who is now twenty-nine years old, stands 5ft. 10in., and weighs 142lb, has not been so long before the public, he has done some good work, and was long a member of the Hammersmith Champion Four. He had, however, previous to Monday figured in only four matches of importance, winning two of these, which he rowed against Griffiths of Wandsworth, whilst, with Green for his partner, he was beaten rather easily in a much more important affair—the double-scull match against the two Tyneside youths Boyd and Lumsden. Though the Thames pair were defeated on that occasion, Thomas' rowing created a decidedly favorable impression, which will be deepened by his victory over Winship on Monday, and undoubtedly lead to his being backed again as soon as his friends see fit to let him go. Lumsden's steering at present most likely to be his next opponent.

The weather was highly favorable. There was not more wind than was sufficient to make Corney Reach decently lively, and so afford a test of the men's rowing, and the tide was in connection with it an agency, where managers can find well-trained, fresh talent, free of charge to both manager and performer.

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THE E. P. STEERS ASSOCIATION will hold their second annual Summer-night's festival at Harlem river Park, Second avenue and One Hundred and Twenty-sixth street, on Monday evening, July 17, when fun galore is promised those who attend.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Chicago, Ill., can be rented by the night or week, or secured on sharing terms by first-class companies. It will seat twelve hundred. Managers are requested to telegraph dates to R. Chapin as per advertisement.

SIGNOR VALLO says that he intends to enlarge his dramatic and musical school in Philadelphia. Pa., next season, and will open in connection with it an agency, where managers can find well-trained, fresh talent, free of charge to both manager and performer.

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THE RING.

GLOVE FIGHT IN FILLY.—Mike Gillespie and Patsy O'Hara were principals in a glove contest for fifty dollars, offered by Johnny Clark, which came off at the latter's place on Tuesday evening, June 27, and was witnessed by a select company of gentlemen, numbering in all about fifty. They fought eighteen rounds in fifty-seven minutes, the milling being severe and the contest a fast one throughout, to finish the other, the referee, Arthur Chambers, declared it a draw, each man receiving an equal share of the purse. O'Hara was seconded by Jimmy Gallagher and Dick Kearney, Gillespie by Fiddler Neary and Dan Dougherty.

JOHNNY DONALDSON has withdrawn the twenty-five dollars left as a deposit at the time of his challenge to Ed. Seward, the latter not having accepted the teams contained therein.

HARRY HILL'S OPENING takes place this (Monday) afternoon, July 3.

WE HAVE LETTERS for George Rooke.

SCARBORO vs. GALT.

The Canadian quoiting clubs above named engaged in a game at Toronto, Ont., June 22, for a medal given by Robert Malcolm.

SCARBORO.		GALT.	
Simon Kennedy	39	Alex. Anderson	41
James Walker	41	Walter Glendinning	40
James Patton	41	Andrew Reid	34
Richard Sylvester	32	W. Slater	41
Simpson Kellie	41	W. Gourlay	42
David Purdy	41	J. Martin	25
William Purdy	41	G. Whittemore	35
George Sheppard	41	John Brow	33
George Meadows	23	James McTaggie	42
William McCowan	30	H. Stoddart	41
Total	356	Total	333

Majority for the Scarboro Club, 21 shots.

THEN AND NOW.—Farmers in 1776—Man at plow, wife at cow, girl at yarn, boy at barn, and all dues settled. Farmers in 1876—Man at show, girl at piano, wife in satin, boy at Latin, and dues unsettled.

AMUSEMENTS.

KELLY & LEON'S
OPERA-HOUSE, TWENTY-THIRD STREET.
MR. EDWIN KELLY.....Lessee and Manager.
Opposite Booth's Theatre.
Centennial Jubilee Bill.
Musical Liberty Bells.
Offenbach Comic Polka.
Cider versus Vinegar.
He's Sure to Come.
Independence Finale.
Coaching to Pelham.
FROU FROU
with
LEON.
Edwin Kelly. Edwin Lester, Lew Benedict in the cast. Walters and Morton, Japanese Tommy, and Surridge.
Every evening at 8.

TONY PASTOR'S NEW THEATRE.
GRAND REOPENING.
587 BROADWAY.
MONDAY, JULY 3, 1876,
for a brief Summer season at popular prices.
Admission, 25c. Family Circle, 15c. Reserved Seats, 50 cents. A few Extra Reserved Seats, $1. An entirely new and unparalleled company.
FRENCH TWIN SISTERS, HERR SCHULTZ,
KEATING AND SANDS, NILES AND EVANS,
LARRY TOOLEY, CHARLES DIAMOND,
ANDY COLLINS, JOHN GILBERT AND GIBBS,
HARRY PHILLIPS, SADIE DESHON,
ELLA MAYO, LOU SANFORD.
MATINEES EVERY DAY THIS WEEK.
The entire evening's programme at the Matinees.
EXTRA!!
TUESDAY EVENING, July 4, performances will not commence until 10 o'clock P. M., in order to afford our patrons an opportunity to witness the various displays of fireworks. 15-1t

PARISIAN VARIETIES.
16th street and Broadway.
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THE CENTENNIAL OCEAN RACE.

The yacht race from Sandy Hook to Cape May lightship and return, under the auspices of the Centennial Commission, came off last week; but it did not prove anything like the grand affair that had been anticipated, the only starters being the schooners America and Alarm and the sloops Arrow and Gracie; consequently, the affair resolved itself into two matches. The wind was light from the south-southeast at starting, and held so until the finish, rendering short tacks necessary during the run down to the Five-fathom light, and making the race slow and tedious throughout. The sloops were sent away first, shortly past one o'clock P. M., June 26, the Gracie being nearly ten minutes ahead of the Arrow; but the latter went by her in less than two hours, and continued in the lead during the remainder of the race. She rounded the lightship at Cape May at 3h. 35m. P. M., June 27, two hours and 11 minutes ahead of the Gracie, which was out of sight to northward. During the return the latter, which was farther off shore and had a better breeze, steadily gained upon the Arrow, and when the latter passed the Sandy Hook lightship, at 6h. 04m. A. M., June 28, the Gracie was but thirty-three minutes behind. The schooners were started soon after two o'clock P. M. on the 26th, the America being half a minute behind as they went over the line; but this she quickly recovered, and, steadily forging ahead, at 11 o'clock P. M. she led by about six miles, and when, at 1 o'clock A. M. on the 27th the yachts were becalmed, and remained so for nearly six hours, when the wind came again, but lightly, and the Alarm, being the first to catch it, pulled up until she was about four miles to windward of the America. Just after 12 M. however, the latter hoisted her and again took the lead, which she thereafter retained. At 10h. 8m. 40s. P. M. on the 27th the America went around the Five-fathom lightship fifteen good miles before her opponent. She continued to go away from the Alarm, and when she finished, at 10h. 2m. 30s. A. M. on the 28th, the latter was not in sight.

SCHOONERS.

	Start. Monday, P. M.	*Finish. Wednesday A. M.*	*Elapsed time.*
America	2.13:00	10.02:20	43.49:20
Alarm	2.12:30	Not timed.	
SLOOPS.			
Arrow	1.28:45	6.04:00	40.35:15
Gracie	1.19:05	6.37:00	41.17:05

Thus the America wins the schooner race, beating the Alarm, and the Arrow wins the sloop race, beating the Gracie 41m. 50sec. At 7h. 30m. P. M. the Alarm passed in by the Hook and anchored in the Horseshoe for the night.

COLUMBIA YACHT CLUB REGATTA.

Though at times the wind blew quite freshly, and toward the latter part there was rather more of it than was actually needed, the live members of the above club had to contend with repeated calms upon the occasion of their annual regatta, which was sailed on Tuesday, June 27. The course was from the foot of Eighty-sixth street, this city, as far up the river as Yonkers and back. The starters were: First-class—Emma T. and Germania; second, Lillie and Clara E.; third, Au Revoir and G. B. Deon; fourth, Tangle and Queen Mab. The Journeyman also started against the entire fleet. The starting signal for the first and second class boats to go was given at 11.44, and the leading yacht did not round the Yonkers stake-boat until 1h. 14m. 30s., when the Emma F. went around, followed by the Germania at 1.17:40, the Journeyman at 1.18:22, the Lillie at 1.19:43, the Dean at 1.22:15, the Au Revoir at 1.23:45, and the Clara E. at 1.26:42. The table below gives the time at the start and the finish, and also elapsed and corrected times:

FIRST CLASS.

	Start.	*Finish.*	*Elapsed. Time.*	*Corrected. Time.*
Eureka	12.00	6.09:45	4.57:45	4.57:45
SECOND CLASS.				
Addie Taylor	1.16:00	6.14:30	4.58:30	4.55:30
H. H. Holmes	1.14:30	6.30:00	5.15:30	5.13:30
Vision	1.16:15	6.41:25	5.25:10	5.19:00
Ploughboy	1.13:15	6.46:10	5.32:55	5.28:25
Au Revoir	1.11:30	6.14:40	5.03:10	5.01:50
Artful Dodger	1.16:00	6.09:30	4.53:30	4.53:30
THIRD CLASS.				
Skip Jack	1.18:00	7.01:30	—	5.53:30
Tough	1.13:00	7.00:15	—	5.41:15
Wave	1.16:30	7.03:10	—	5.52:50

It will be seen from the above that the Eureka and Artful Dodger win the first prize in their classes. The third-class boats were ordered to sail another race.

PASSAIC ROWING ASSOCIATION REGATTA.

The clubs composing the above New Jersey Association engaged in the annual regatta on the Passaic River, at Newark, on Wednesday, June 28. Except that the weather was oppressively warm, everything favored the participants, whose oaric prowess was admired by a goodly throng of spectators, including many lady friends. The exercises were commenced with a race in six-oared gigs, about one mile and a half, straightaway, the Passaic, Eureka and Mystic Clubs entering crews. The Mystics got in front soon after starting, and by good pulling kept there to the end, winning by a length from the Eureka. Time, 8:24. The victorious six are: J. W. Adams (bow), R. Van Buskirk, R. W. Adams, G. G. Frelinghuysen, D. E. Tuthill, J. A. Dunning (stroke); E. B. Williamson, coxswain. A scullers' race was next, same course, by Mr. Small and F. S. Townley of the Tritons and E. M. Roberts of the Passaic taking part. For nearly two-thirds the distance it was a close struggle between the Triton men, but Small finally proved himself the better man, winning by over three lengths. Time, 9:06. Roberts had no show from early in the hunt. A four-oared shell race brought the proceedings to a finale, the course being three miles, with a turn. The race was a gift to the Eureka four—John Young (bow), Watson Ryno, Peter Young, John Angleman (stroke)—who came in a long way ahead, Passaic second.

CENTRAL HUDSON YACHT CLUB.

The Corinthian regatta of this club, postponed from the day previously on account of lack of wind, came off on Friday, June 30; and though there was not as much breeze as desired, it proved successful, if not exciting. The course was from the home-boat off New Hamburg dock north to a buoy off Van Rensselaer's Point, thence south to Low Point Buoy and back to home buoy, a distance of ten miles and repeat, the owner of each vessel sailing his own craft. The table given underneath shows the time of starting and finish, etc.

FIRST CLASS.

	Start.	*Finish.*	*Elapsed Time.*	*Corrected. Time.*
W. R. Brown	12.49:00	4.50:30	4.01:30	4.00:38
Le Roy	12.51:30	5.01:30	4.09:30	4.09:22½
Fidget	12.50:40	withdrawn.		
SECOND CLASS.				
Mistral	12.49:30	7.32:00	6.42:45	6.39:55
Thetis	12.51:30	7.39:00	6.48:52	6.41:42
Freak	12.50:00	7.35:10	6.46:40	6.41:50
Commodore	12.43:00	withdrawn.		
Edith	12.46:15	withdrawn.		
THIRD CLASS.				
Lulu	12.51:30	3.40:00	2.48:30	2.48:30
Shad

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E. A. SOTHERN.

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Manager Harrigan and Hart Combination.
New York, Nov. 3, 1875.

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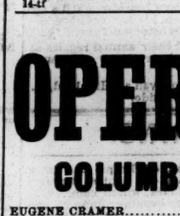

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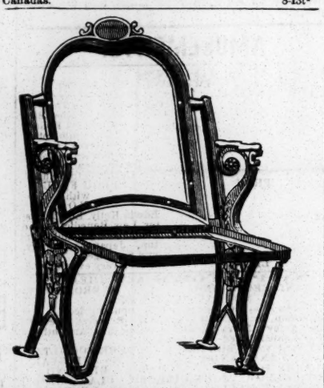

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